

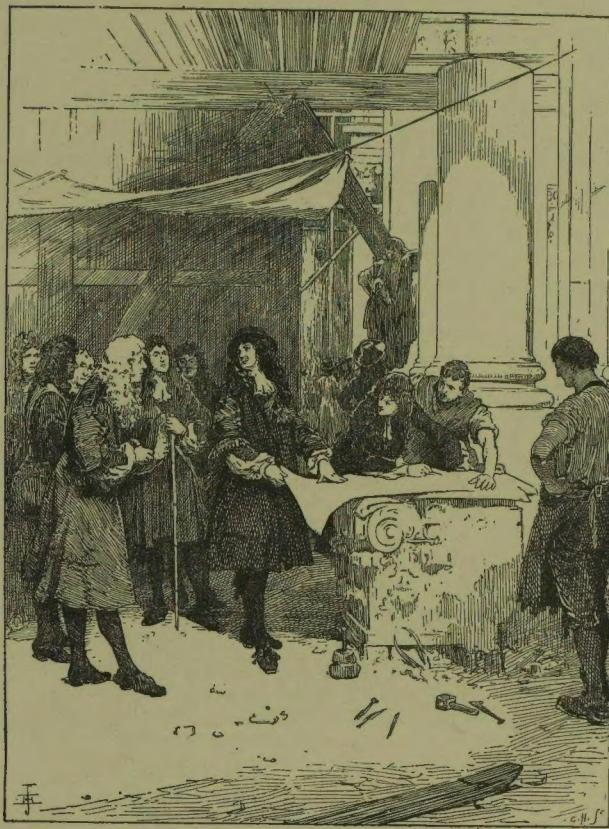
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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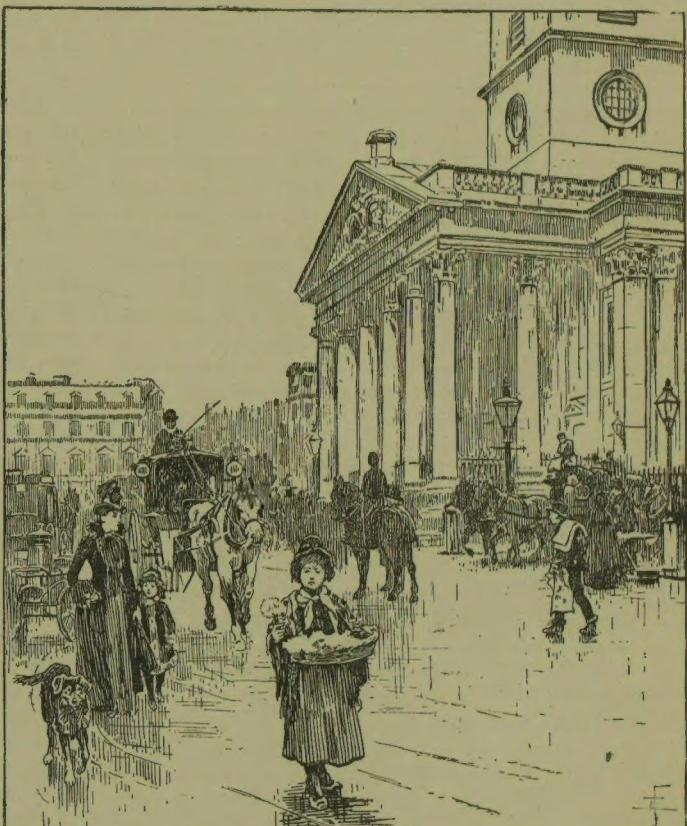
ST. PAUL'S: THE KING'S VISIT TO WREN.—SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.



THE ROYAL STANDARD.—W. F. YEAMES, R.A.



OLD AND CRUSTED.—W. DENDY SADLER.



ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.—WILLIAM LOGSDAIL.



IN LOVE.—MARCUS STONE, R.A.



THE CLASH OF STEEL.—JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is no doubt that Fiction is indebted to the Courts of Law for many a thrilling story, though, on the other hand—and this is not so generally understood—the courts of law are often indebted for their most striking "causes" to Fiction. Again and again have cases come before the tribunals of Justice which never would have arisen had they not been suggested by the pages of romance. The novelist, unknowingly, creates a character, who is not in his "dramatis personæ"—the criminal at the bar. Except in the case of some boy-highwayman, he does not, indeed, tempt him to crime, but he suggests to him some subtle device for obtaining his evil ends, which he would otherwise have sought by a more common road. On the whole, however, it must be conceded, story-tellers are more indebted to Law than Law to them, and would be much more grateful to it but for the professional indignation it arouses in them by the way in which it sometimes spoils a story. An extraordinary example of this has just occurred in a case of life-insurance, where the most dramatic incidents have been frittered away in the witness-box, or lost sight of in the mist of time. The romance that actually took place, and has been dwarfed and mutilated like the tragedy of "Hamlet," reported by some *Police Gazette*, was as follows:—A German residing in France gets his life insured in England for no less a sum than £14,000. The insurance companies were favoured with his photograph, but little else—I think he only paid one premium. His object, however, was, from the first, to get the money while he was alive, and as quickly as possible. For this purpose, however, he needed a false certificate of his death, and, to obtain this, accomplices. In the first place he wanted a widow to receive the money. This was naturally the easiest part of the business, and a young country-woman of his own, who ought, moreover, by rights to have been his wife, was ready to his hand to start with. Then he wanted a person to represent him as much as possible, similar to the photograph, who should afterwards be a "body." This was his initial difficulty. In the character of a man of fortune, actuated by benevolent objects, he visited the hospitals of Paris, and after long search discovered a patient with some resemblance to himself, who was dying of consumption. "Is there no chance for him, poor fellow, if he was taken away to the seaside and tenderly nurtured?" he inquired (probably in a broken voice) of the medical authority in charge. The medical authority shrugged his shoulders, and thought there might be just the shadow of a chance, but the poor fellow had no one to offer it, being, in fact, friendless. "Then I will be his friend," said the German philanthropist, and with infinite care, and overwhelmed with the grateful admiration of the hospital staff, he conveys the patient to his own secluded residence and tends him.

So far, everything had succeeded beyond our (real) hero's hopes; but, unfortunately, the sea air *does* revive his patient. The happy release which had been looked forward to does not take place; regardless of the temporary use for which he is designed, the man shows signs of recovery. Here the Law's delay has caused one of the most tragic incidents to drop out of the case. Months ago, when it began, it was alleged that the philanthropist assisted his too tardy guest to leave this world. But the necessity of proving this (from circumstances to be hereafter related) having disappeared, the Law, contemptuous of the claims of Romance, ignores it. The patient, however, died. So far all had gone, or had been made to go, well for the success of our hero's scheme; but here a curious obstacle intervened. Though when alive the sick man had resembled him, when dead the resemblance disappeared. Perhaps, as the poet tells us, "a likeness never seen before came out to someone of his race"; but, if it did, it was of no use to our philanthropist. "Why, now he is not one bit like your photograph!" exclaimed the widow. "We'll soon remedy that," returned her quick-witted consort. Whereupon he dressed himself in graveclothes, whitened his face, and (in the character, of course, of the deceased) had his photograph taken. This she sent to the English insurance companies, with an affecting letter, accompanied by the certificate of her husband's death: whereupon they sent her the money. The certificate, of course, was a great trouble. Fortunately, the German knew a French doctor, who, for an exceptionally large fee (I think it was £1000), undertook to get over this difficulty. He was a friend of the family, and lived in the house, and had doubtless often smoothed the pillow of the departed. From henceforward things ought to have gone as merrily as a marriage bell; but they didn't. The three used to talk at meal hours gaily and quite unreservedly of their excellent stroke of business; for they spoke in German, a tongue which their French maid was unable to speak. She could understand it, nevertheless (which they little guessed), when spoken. What she heard, however, did not much arouse her interest; she was engaged to a young Republican journalist in Paris, and thought more about him than success in life-insuring. Unhappily for the doctor this maiden took his fancy, and he made proposals to her, which, as a modern dramatist has described them, if not absolutely dishonourable, were "remote." Upon this she wrote to her lover, and told him all she knew. He disapproved of the doctor's behaviour, disapproved of his opinions (for the man of science was an Anarchist, and opposed to him in politics), and disapproved of the fraud. He came over to London, and told the whole story to the insurance companies.

The German philanthropist, his widow, and their faithful medical attendant smelt danger, and fled from France. The pursuit was intermittent, but persistent; and eventually they were run to earth: the philanthropist very literally so, for when his apprehension became imminent he committed suicide. What is very curious, and heaps romance upon romance in this extraordinary trial, the day after his death

arrives a letter announcing his having succeeded to a large fortune, out of which he might, doubtless, have settled his business affairs with satisfaction to all concerned, and lived happily ever afterwards. The others were caught, and condemned to various terms of penal servitude. What is very strange in this strangest of life-dramas, is the useless trouble our hero gave himself to pick out a hospital patient that resembled him. It seems he had "squared" the doctor already, so there was no necessity to deceive him by any resemblance between the dead man and the living. A negro would have equally served his purpose if he had thought beforehand of personating the corpse himself. That stroke of genius seems to have occurred to him extempore, and in a flash. On the whole, it is the finest *cause célèbre* of the century.

Rarely as the world at large acknowledges its greatest benefactors, this is still more true of callings and interests which have been specifically advantaged. How many who obtain fellowships at the university, for instance, give a thought to the "pious founder"? How many who have been assisted by the Literary Fund have ever heard, except in connection with the Crystal Palace, of Sydenham? And how many of those who administer the affairs of certain companies with exceeding profit to themselves ever bless the memory of Peter Hopkins (I conclude it was Peter, but history is so slipshod and careless in its process of embalming him that it only gives his initial letter). Of his birth we know nothing; but that he should have died (in 1809) "in an obscure lodging near Moorfields," neglected and penniless, is only what one would have expected of a man who should be a patron saint of so many people. He is brought to my own recollection only by a curious coincidence in connection with a recent winding-up order (and even that I daren't mention for fear of an action for libel). Mr. P. Hopkins "made a very handsome independence by making sets of books for those who, for their own interest, were obliged to appear before certain gentlemen in commission at Guildhall." In other words, he was the first person in the City of London who ever directed his attention to the art of cooking accounts. Matthew Hopkins one has heard of; and even of Samuel Hopkins, founder of the "Hopkinsian Theology" (and the hero of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Minister's Wooing"); but how silent is the voice of fame about P. Hopkins! It must be allowed, however, that he had one advantage which is denied to his unconscious imitator of to-day—the lottery. "He was the first person who suggested the idea of imputing the losses of bankrupts to speculations on the lottery," and procured the unsuccessful numbers ("collected at 2s. a-piece") as having been unfortunately collected by his employers. Yet in 1859 there was no jubilee for Hopkins, nor for his many disciples is there in all the city a single shrine.

I am always a little suspicious of the excellent people who tell me "natural history stories." They are like traveller's tales—and we know what they are. How we all used to believe in the dog that Landseer painted and called "A member of the Royal Humane Society"! Everybody now knows that that dog—with the best intentions in the world—used to drown people with his affectionate paws instead of saving them. Is there anybody who has not met the man who knew the man that owned the dog who travelled in a basket from London to Aberdeen by railway, and came home—covered with mud, and in very bad condition, but still came home—by road in a week? But does anybody know the dog? The last anecdote of instinct appears in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month—related, one is glad to see, by a gentleman "on whose testimony reliance may be placed"—about a shark. The shark is a creature who has been hitherto much neglected as a hero. He is generally the Bad Character of natural history stories, and it is quite refreshing to read a narrative to his advantage. Even now we have still to hear of his domestic affections, his gratitude, or even of his dormant sense of humour. When he turns so playfully over on his back it has hitherto been supposed to be for the greater convenience of swallowing the British seaman. Let us hope that, like so many of us, he has been misunderstood; and, in the meantime, let us be thankful to believe in his indomitable perseverance. "The men let go a shark-hook, and soon captured a large shark. They cut the unhappy creature open, extracted the liver (which contains a considerable quantity of oil), and flung the carcass overboard. In a few minutes there was another tug at the hook, and, to the no small surprise of the fishermen, they brought up the very shark they had just thrown away as dead." Doubt has been expressed about this tale. Anecdotes of the marvellous powers of the dog, and, for all I know, of the dogfish, are swallowed, so to speak, hook and all; but this trait of the poor shark is received with incredulity. This is not only unfair, but illogical. For what is it that interferes with the appetite (not to say the voracity) of man, but his liver—and it was only his liver that the shark had lost.

The difficulty which boys and girls experience in expressing their ideas upon subjects not to be found in the Encyclopædia is notorious. Their essays are generally bristling with facts, more or less recondite, and with reflections of the most philosophic kind. What "stumps" them is the being asked to put their own thoughts regarding any familiar matter into words. An examiner at a seminary for young ladies requested one of them the other day to give him her notion of what sort of telegram she would send to her father in the event of her having met with a railway accident. It was a thing that might occur, of course, and the lesson prove useful; but, in any case, it would give an idea of her mental resources. He threw out no hints, but, with the proviso that it should be as brief as possible, left the whole composition to the young lady's imagination. This was the telegram:—"Dear mamma and Jane [her sister] and I are in the refreshment-room."

The great question that is agitating the readers of light literature just now is, "Do novelists weep over their works?" They do, indeed; and have plenty of reason to do so. Novels are like teeth—bad in coming, bad in going, and, what is worse, by no means a source of joy even when they are "out." When the thing is in MS. we weep because it isn't in print; and very often, when it is in print, we have good cause to weep because it isn't in MS. If it was not that he is (as is well known) so philosophical, the novelist would be a Niobe—all tears. Some of them, indeed, affect to be in tearing spirits, but these are in reality the most melancholy specimens of the whole lot. When we come to consider the matter, how can it be otherwise? In youth they cannot get their book published for love or money; love, in fact, may be left out of the question. Whoever heard of a publisher's first love—I mean of his being in love with a first book? And, on the other hand, where is the young author who has the money to publish it at his own expense? The huge manuscript rolls back to him, like the stone of Sisyphus, from half the "houses" in Paternoster-row; sometimes curtly, "with thanks;" sometimes more offensively, with compliments ("your novel has great merit, but"—mere butter); sometimes it don't come back at all. "Tears, idle tears," says the poet, "we know not what they mean;" but the young novelist knows very well—believe me. With a dead lift, or by the most shameless cringing to a moneyed aunt (declared by her other nephews to be out of her mind), he succeeds, when in middle life, in seeing his work in print. I grant this is a moment of ecstasy; but it doesn't last even till the reviews come out. The "critics on the hearth" (his family) are all amazed at his indiscretion, but not so stupefied with astonishment that they cannot express it. How could he throw his money away, or worse, his poor aunt's money, in such a ridiculous way? *He* write? Then the real critics—the sworn tormentors—begin their work. Weep?—it is almost enough to make the angels weep, and the middle-aged novelist, though tending that way, is not yet an angel. But suppose (for you may suppose anything) the poor wretch is successful—popular. That is the unforgiveable sin in Letters. Of course he is then a charlatan, and a plagiarist, but his private character also begins to suffer. He smokes like a furnace, he drinks to excess, he beats his aunt—the aunt to whom he owes everything in life; and if not in Newgate, which is the proper place for him, he ought to be in a lunatic asylum. This is told in the London newspapers, and copied into all the country ones. Weep, I should think he did weep; but he can't weep *that* away. Still, if he is popular at the libraries he can bear a good deal of obloquy. What he cannot bear is the recollection that he has sold his copyright, and very cheap. Then he weeps indeed.

## THE COURT.

On Sunday morning, May 6, the Queen and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Bishop of Peterborough, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, officiated. The Queen held a private Investiture of the Order of the Garter at Windsor on May 7. The Marquis of Londonderry was introduced to her Majesty's presence by Lord Elphinstone, Lord-in-Waiting, when the Queen conferred the honour of Knighthood on his Lordship, and invested him with the ribbon and badge of the order, and handed to him the garter. Princess Louise was present with her Majesty. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left Windsor Castle in the evening—and returned to London. On May 8 the Queen left Windsor Castle on a visit to London. Proceeding in the afternoon to the Albert Hall, her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Albany, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was received by the Earl of Lathom (vice-president of the council of the Royal Albert Hall), and by Mr. M'Hardy (vice-president), Mr. Murdoch, M.P., Mr. Power, Colonel Makins, M.P., Mr. Ruthven Pym, Mr. Houghton, Sir Henry Ponsonby (member of the council), and Mr. Cole (secretary). On reaching the Royal box the National Anthem was sung, under the leadership of Mr. Barnby, after which the dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was performed by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by the composer. After the performance the following had the honour of being presented to the Queen by the Earl of Lathom—Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Charles Banks, Mr. Henschel, Mr. Watkin Mills, Dr. Stainer, Mr. J. Barnby, and Sir Arthur Sillivan. Her Majesty was most heartily cheered going and returning. Her Majesty held a Drawing-room on Wednesday; and on Monday, May 16, will hold another.—The Queen is expected to leave for Balmoral about May 18.—We are authorised to state that her Majesty's birthday will be celebrated on Saturday, June 2.—Her Majesty has signified her acceptance of the office of president of the Royal Agricultural Society of England during its forthcoming jubilee year.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present, on May 5, at the christening of the infant daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Knollys, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Prince and Princess stood as sponsors. Miss Knollys and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale were in attendance. The Prince and Prince Albert Victor dined with the President (Sir Frederic Leighton) and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts in the evening, at their anniversary dinner at Burlington House. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain the Hon. A. Greville, arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon from York. On Sunday morning, May 6, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess left Marlborough House on Monday morning, May 7, for Euston Station, where they took the West Coast express en route to Glasgow. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at Glasgow in the evening, and were the guests of Lord Hamilton at Dalziel House. The Prince and Princess opened the Glasgow Exhibition on May 8. They had a magnificent reception. The streets were profusely decorated, and the fine weather brought many thousands of people to the route from the Central Station to the Exhibition. The Prince acknowledged an address at the Council Chamber, and another at the Exhibition, which he declared open. In the evening their Royal Highnesses returned to the residence of Lord Hamilton.—The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Friday, May 11.—Prince George of Wales has been appointed Lieutenant in H.M.S. Alexandra (flag-ship), on the Mediterranean Station.

## THE NEW GALLERY.

The New Gallery, in spite of the forebodings of hostile and despondent critics, has been completed; and the result is such as must give its spirited promoters unqualified satisfaction. A few weeks ago the site now occupied by the best-lighted and most artistically-decorated picture gallery in London was hopeless chaos—or, rather, was still encumbered by the ruined fittings of an insolvent meat-market. The central hall out of which the two picture galleries open is resplendent with gold and platinum decorations, a combination which is both novel and effective; and the lavish use of marbles of various colours and tones removes all sense of tawdriness or pretentiousness. The New Gallery, however, has been so fully described elsewhere, and the Aladdin-like way in which this new Palace of Art has arisen, that it is not necessary for us to dwell longer on the subject; and we pass on at once to consider the treasures which find a fitting home, although a temporary one, in this building.

The number of oil-paintings hung is limited, being scarcely more than a hundred and fifty; nevertheless it is no exaggeration to say that they include more works of distinct interest than are to be found in any of the other numerous exhibitions now open—Burlington House itself not being excepted. By this we do not mean to say that all the works are of the same merit, or that all are praiseworthy; but there are very few which do not present some special features which require more than casual notice from the visitor. The artists who contribute to this result are not chosen from any particular school, nor are they the defenders of any special shibboleth. Messrs. Carr and Hallé, whatever their own tastes may be, have wisely decided to admit works of all schools; and they have taken for their principle the French saying, "Tous les styles sont bons, hormis l'ennuyeux." Mr. Burne-Jones, M. W. B. Richmond, Mr. Alma Tadema are supported by Messrs. Holl, Herkomer, and Millais; and artists so opposed as Sir J. D. Linton and Mr. Sargent, Mr. A. W. Hunt and Professor Costa find equal favour at the hands of the managers. Sir John Millais's "Forlorn" (99), which was the only work hung on the day of the Press view, can scarcely be accounted as a success—at all events in its present unfinished state. It represents a somewhat pink-and-white faced girl of solid proportions, in a red brocade dress and holding a bright green peacock's feathered fan across her lap. The colour is slapped on with more vigour than discrimination, and the pose is rather that of weakness than of dejection. Mr. Alma Tadema has also been so hung with other works that his six contributions, with one or two slight exceptions, seem to belong to an earlier date than the present year. The sketch for the "Roses of Heliogabalus" (132) shows how much that picture has been changed for the better as it has progressed, and it also shows how far in poetic fancy—even in its improved form—it falls below that delightful work "He loves me, he loves me not" (131), which dates from at least seven years ago. The portrait of Dr. Adama Van Scheltema (133) is an almost humorous rendering of an expressive face, and what it lacks in refinement it supplies by force and directness of purpose. From Mr. Alma Tadema to Mr. W. B. Richmond the transition is somewhat brusque; but the latter has nothing to fear from comparison with one whose aims are pursued by such different means. Of the numerous portraits by Mr. Richmond—there are at least half a dozen—we have no hesitation in awarding the prize to the least obtrusive—those of Mrs. Andrew Lang (101) and Miss Gladstone (98). The latter is almost severe in both pose and colour, as well befits a Principal of Newnham. The face is marked by firmness of will, self-command, and the power of commanding others; Mrs. Lang, on the other hand, seems to regard life and its creatures as sources of amusement, not to be taken too seriously or worthy of too much worry. In the slightly contemptuous turn of the mouth of the one, as in the earnest eyes of the other, we seem to catch their respective views of the world and its uses. In his more elaborate treatment of Mrs. Cuninghame Graham (74) and Mrs. Drummond (78) Mr. Richmond touches upon another phase of modern life, in which dress plays a prominent part; but it is in the flowing lines of ladies' dresses that he often shows the full measure of his skill, and in both these instances he is to be seen at his best. With the two largest works, Sir Edward Malet (153) and Lady Ermyntrude Malet (91), Mr. Richmond is less successful. The hideous diplomatic costume worn by the former seems to be too heavy for his Excellency's legs to support; whilst the expression of the face is shy rather than reserved, saturnine rather than determined. Lady Malet, on her part, seems to carry in her face the effects of over-dressing, mental and physical. The former protests against the latter—but "noblesse oblige," and she wears as the outward witness to her martyrdom a vapid face and a white satin dress trimmed with the richest lace. She does not look so dignified as Sir J. D. Linton's Miss Wardour (142), in spite of a certain hardness of outline about the face and neck. The figure, however, is stately, and the colouring of the richly-brocaded dress as perfect as anything in the room. Mr. J. Collier's protest in favour of a simpler style, put forward in the portrait of Miss Ethel Huxley (154), is scarcely likely to avail; for the slim lady, in spite of her white muslin dress, scarcely diverts attention from the mass of trees and foliage, into the depths of which she is gazing so intently. The picture falls very far short of Mr. J. J. Shannon's far simpler treatment of Mrs. Williamson (94), and of Mr. Herkomer's only lady, Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale (113), which whilst wanting in the startling effects of his Miss Grant, has a distinction of its own not easy to mistake or to misunderstand. Mr. C. E. Hallé's portrait of Mrs. Arthur Samarez (126) has also a *cachet* of refinement which is well caught, and the colouring of the silver-grey dress is delicately rendered, but it is not equal to his pleasing tribute to the memory of the late Stephen Heller (89). Of the male portraits sent by Mr. Herkomer, those of Mr. Frank Burnand (105) and of "My Father and Children" (117), are the most characteristic and least open to the complaint of being overcharged with brown tones. In the portrait of Mr. Alexander Macmillan (29), a face so characteristic that it should offer little difficulty to the portrait-painter, the general effect is marred by a certain flatness of treatment as well as by its commonplace design. With regard to Mr. H. G. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. D. Meinertzhagen (79), we hope that the artist's imagination has in this case outrun his power of introspection.

Turning to the works in which imagination plays a greater part, we must begin with Mr. Burne-Jones. Between the two pictures devoted to the story of Perseus is that of Danaë, and, although wholly distinct, the three works seem to make up one scheme of colour. Danaë, aware of the doom pronounced upon her by her terror-stricken father, is watching from the door of her palace the building of the Tower of Brass (54) by which the ill-omened dream will, it is hoped, be falsified. Beyond the light and colour introduced by the mimic workers in the background, as they raise stone upon stone and fix the plates of impenetrable brass, the background has little interest. All is concentrated in the single figure of the stately maiden, who, conscious of the doom awaiting, seems to be bidding farewell to the flowers and pleasant things of earth

by which she is still surrounded. Her noble figure, draped in a rich red dress, is strangely set off by the nude figure of Andromeda in the two pictures hanging on either side of her. In the first, "The Rock of Doom" (53), Andromeda chained to the rock—or rather to a rocky pillar rising from the calm waters of the Bay of Joppa—is awaiting her doom with apparent composure, and apparently still doubtful as to the meaning of the appearance of Perseus, who, in full armour, has alighted on the other side of the slender pillar. His attitude, holding away from her the helmet of darkness, on which is the Gorgon's head, is somewhat too *petit maître*; but this is altogether absent in the other scene, "The Doom Fulfilled" (55), in which we see Perseus enlaced in the folds of the monster, dealing rapid blows, and striving with all his might to avoid the fatal jaws which seem to threaten him with death. In this picture again, if the whole idea were not purely decorative, we should be inclined to find fault with the dreary unconcern of Andromeda, who seems indifferent to the battle raging at her side and unmoved by the dangers of her champion. Mr. Watts's "Angel of Death" (30) touches a very different chord, and appeals to everyone into whose household the sad chaster has descended and borne away the young life on which so many hopes were centred. Mr. Watts represents the Angel of Death taking upon her knees, with almost motherly tenderness, the young child, round whose head the halo of glory is already playing, and whose earthly, pain-racked features she shades from human gaze. In sentiment as in colour, the work displays Mr. Watts's refinement and poetry at their best, and show how well fitted he is to lead English art to higher flights, if only the public would not bring artists down to the level of prosaic and daily life and its often coarse pursuits.

We reserve for a future occasion our notice of the remaining works.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO GLASGOW.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on Tuesday, May 8, opened the Glasgow International Exhibition, which is described and illustrated on several of our pages. Their Royal Highnesses, on Monday evening, arrived at Dalzell House, near Motherwell, where they were the guests of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell. Next morning, accompanied by Lord Hamilton and the Hon. Elinor and Alice Hamilton, they came by railway to Glasgow. They were received at the Central Station by the Lord Provost, Sir James King, and Lady King, with the Civic Magistrates and the Town Clerk, Dr. Marwick. They drove to the Council Chambers in Ingram-street, where a distinguished company was assembled, including the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, the Earl of Home, the Earl and Countess of Stair, and other nobility and gentry. An address of welcome from the Glasgow Corporation was read, to which the Prince replied. Their Royal Highnesses then went to luncheon at the house of the Lord Provost in Claremont-terrace. The civic procession, with delegations from the Municipalities of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Belfast, York, Liverpool, Leeds, and many other towns, went from the Council Chambers to the Exhibition. The Prince and Princess went to the Exhibition from the Lord Provost's house. They were cheered by crowds of people. A troop of Hussars was on guard at the entrance to the Exhibition grounds, and a company of the Seaforth Highlanders at the main door of the building; a salute of twenty-one guns announced the arrival of their Royal Highnesses at half-past two o'clock. They were received by Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell, Colonel Sir Donald Matheson, and the Executive Committee and officials of the Exhibition. The Prince opened the door with the golden key. Three thousand people were assembled in the grand hall. The orchestra performed the National Anthem. Their Royal Highnesses ascended a dais, under a lofty canopy, in front of the platform. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Donald M'Leod, one of the Queen's chaplains. Sir Archibald Campbell, president of the Executive Committee, read an address to their Royal Highnesses. The Prince of Wales read his reply, commanding the aims and plan of the Exhibition, noticing the achievements of Glasgow in the useful arts and manufactures and applied sciences, and the renown of Glasgow University as a seat of learning. The Lord Provost then presented to the Prince an album of drawings and a painting by members of the Glasgow Art Club. The Glasgow Choral Union, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Bradley, sang the inaugural ode, written by Mr. Robert Buchanan, music composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, who acted as conductor. The Prince of Wales now declared the Exhibition opened; and their Royal Highnesses, after taking tea in the Royal reception-rooms, were conducted through the picture-galleries, the Women's Industries' section, the Indian section, and the machinery galleries. Leaving the Exhibition at half-past five, they drove through Dumbarton-street and Argyle-street to the Central Station, and returned to Hamilton and Dalzell House.

Our Portrait of the Lord Provost is from a photograph by Messrs. T. and R. Annan, of Glasgow.

Mr. E. Watts-Russell gave a richly-varied recital on May 10, at Westminster Townhall.

In our notice of the Grosvenor Gallery last week Mr. Arthur Severn's "Signs of Clearing after Storm" (26) was by a slip of the pen ascribed to Mr. Walter Severn.

Bristol Cathedral has been adorned with a large white marble medallion and tablet in memory of the late Mr. Samuel Morley.

The Belgian Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea Fisheries have agreed upon a report advising the establishment of an international maritime tribunal for deciding differences between fishermen of various nationalities. The Commissioners, however, are of opinion that fishing in Belgian waters should be reserved exclusively for Belgian fishermen.

The Lord Mayor, in the absence of the Crown Prince of Italy, will open the Italian Exhibition on Saturday afternoon, the Twelfth of May. This remarkably interesting Exhibition, comprising a fine representative collection of Italian paintings and sculpture, views of Rome, the Colosseum, Naples, Capri, and Pompeii, and a variety of novel exhibits, has been organised by Mr. John R. Whitley, on the site of last year's American Exhibition.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will on Monday afternoon, the Fourteenth of May, open the Anglo-Danish Exhibition at South Kensington. There will be an inaugural concert, at which Madame Albani will sing, in the Albert Hall, where her Royal Highness is to receive gifts of purses in aid of the rebuilding of the British Home for Incurables, to which benevolent institution the profits of the Exhibition are to be devoted at the close of the season. On the Monday evening the Duke of Cambridge will preside at a banquet to be held in the Conservatory on behalf of the funds of the same charity, which was the first to secure the gracious patronage of the Princess of Wales after she had made England her home.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

London being at its pleasantest—the season having opened in brilliant spring weather in honour of the fair young débâtantes at her Majesty's first May Drawingroom—it has required some self-abnegation on the part of noble Lords to resist the invitation to outdoor enjoyment conveyed through the medium of shafts of sunlight shining through the stained-glass windows of the House of Peers.

The alluring sun-rays glinting on the Ministerial bench on Monday, the Seventh of May, seemed, however, but to steel to duty one of the ablest and most earnest of the younger members of the Government. This was the Earl of Onslow, clear-headed and clear-voiced representative of the Board of Trade in the House of Lords. Whilst the Marquis of Salisbury was absorbed in studying a bulky Parliamentary volume, the dry perusal only interrupted now and again by a merry jest from chirpy Lord Cranbrook; whilst the Duke of Buckingham presided in Committee with a business-like dispatch that could not be excelled, and Earl Granville serenely lounged as a silent Leader of the Opposition next the Earl of Kimberley—Lord Onslow usefully busied himself with the Merchant Shipping Life-Saving Appliances Bill.

The object of this measure is to secure the safety of passengers and crews by ensuring the provision of an adequate number of boats, rafts, and life-belts on board ship. The Earl of Ravensworth and the venerable Baron Cottesloe (in his ninetieth year) evinced considerable interest in these necessary safeguards; and Lord Cottesloe's prolonged argument in favour of throwing oil on troubled waters, supported by Lord Elphinstone's facts as to the practical efficacy of oil in calming a heavy sea, induced the Prime Minister to bestow a significant nod on Lord Onslow, who promptly intimated that an oil clause might be added on the report of the Bill. In his neatly incisive way, Earl Cadogan then prevailed upon their Lordships, after some smart discussion in which Lord Salisbury joined, to read the Irish Timber Acts Amendment Bill a second time. The Premier, at the subsequent sitting, was enabled to assure Lord Granville that there was no foundation for the reported friction between the English and French Governments as regards the new duty on champagne and other expensive French wines; but the noble Marquis added that Mr. Goschen had it under consideration how he could modify the impost on the cheap sparkling wines of France.

Lord Dunraven's Special Committee of the House of Lords on the lamentable "Sweating" system in the London labour markets, impartially presided over by the noble Earl, has brought to light a multitude of grievances which have long been familiar to those acquainted with the distressful condition and sadly scanty wages of thousands of the industrious poor. Making allowances for some exaggerations, and regretting that one of the largest firms in the Metropolis was not permitted to reply immediately to the grave allegations made against their mode of conducting business, one may yet deplore that towards the close of the nineteenth century men and women and children should toil for what barely enables them to keep body and soul together. Shall we have to wait for "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century"—heralded, with the reign of "King Edward VII," in a most remarkable and masterly *brochure*, so entitled, published by Field and Tuer—for the Utopia in which social inequalities are to be removed? Not if Lord Dunraven can accelerate the coming of a sympathetic civilisation.

The Earl of Carnarvon, looking all the better for his trip round the world, signalled his return by making an interesting personal explanation in the House of Lords, on the Third of May. His Lordship having denied the accuracy of Mr. Parnell's statement at the commencement of the Session with respect to the noble Earl's alleged approval of a Home-Rule Parliament for Ireland, the Irish Nationalist Leader took advantage of the entertainment offered him by the Eighty Club on the Eighth to firmly abide by his account of the interview. Whatever passed between them, there can be no doubt that Lord Carnarvon, whilst Lord Lieutenant, was on friendly terms with Mr. Parnell and the late Mr. E. Dwyer Gray.

The dames and knights of the Primrose League, who exercised potent influence at the last General Election on behalf of the Conservative Party, have at length awakened Liberal ladies of "light and leading" (even in this connection a Beaconsfield phrase will crop up) to the need of extending their social influence. Thus, Lord and Lady Ripon held open house on the Seventh of May for the benefit of the Women's Liberal Federation, the zealous members of which on the following evening foregathered in the picture-lined rooms of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, where Mrs. Gladstone addressed them in earnest style. The veteran Liberal Leader himself (who is to leave town to spend Whitsuntide with Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle) rejoiced the hearts of an extraordinarily large gathering at the National Liberal Club on the Second of May, when the right hon. gentleman, in opening the Gladstone Library, eloquently discoursed on the educational value of political works, and flowers were used as freely for decorative purposes as they are in Alma Tadema's one Academy painting, "The Roses of Heliogabalus."

The House of Commons has witnessed swift transaction of business, to the satisfaction of Mr. W. H. Smith, who fairly beamed on his return from a Ministerial visit to the Queen at Windsor. The Second of May saw the rejection of Sir John Lubbock's uncalled-for Early Closing Bill, a proposed revival of the curfew, by the good round majority of 183. On the Third, Mr. Edward Stanhope introduced the important Government Bill for the better utilisation of our Volunteers in case of invasion; in Committee on the Budget, Sir William Harcourt vainly moved the withdrawal of the increased tax on French bottled wines, and Mr. Channing as fruitlessly essayed to cut down the tax on four-wheeled vehicles; Mr. Stansfeld sought to improve the Local Government Election Bill, and Mr. Labouchere obtained a Select Committee to inquire into the formation of the Hyderabad Mining Company, Limited. On the Fourth, Mr. W. H. Smith announced that Lord Hartington would preside over a Royal Commission to consider the administration of the defensive services of the country; Mr. Watt did not entirely in vain pray for a Commission to inquire into the desirability of the State purchase of railways, for Mr. Gladstone, in expressing disagreement with the proposal, favoured the House with some interesting reminiscences; and the Leader of the Opposition, before the Budget Bill was read the third time, expressed the hope that Mr. Goschen would revise his tariff for French wines.

The Speaker (in whose absence through illness Mr. Leonard Courtney presided with accustomed firmness and ability) was on the Seventh of May well enough to resume his seat in the chair. Mr. John Morley deputised as Leader of the Opposition, looking hardly as ruddy as he does in his portrait in the New Gallery. This buoyant personification of Radicalism elicited from Mr. Smith that should the Local Government Electors Bill pass before Whitsuntide, the holidays would begin on Friday, the Eighteenth of May, lasting till the Thirty-first. Hence, Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be again deprived of his opportunity to jocosely oppose adjournment over the Derby, which is fixed for the Thirtieth of May.



A LOST CAUSE: FLIGHT OF KING JAMES II. AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.  
A. C. GOW, A.R.A.

#### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

AT THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. One great advantage, at least, over all other galleries for the purposes of private views cannot be denied to the Royal Academy—that of size. It is possible to see and be seen there, so that one instinctively puts on one's newest and most charming of gowns or bonnets for the occasion. This observation does not apply to certain people who, forbidden by circumstances to affect greater wealth than they possess, take refuge in the opposite affectation, and emphasise their millions by plainness, cheapness, and antiquity of attire. To name names would be invidious; but to avoid noticing the fact would be impossible. There are so many ways of making yourself remarkable in society, given a little courage and a certain originality. If an actress be young and handsome,

year after year, in the same brown velvet dress and bonnet to match, while her husband pays ten thousand pounds for a masterpiece of art? These be not sketches from imagination, but from life. 'Tis a wily world, my masters, and many a social goal is approached by tortuous tracks!

A GOLDEN AFTERNOON, ISLE OF WIGHT (NEAR LUCCOMBE).—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

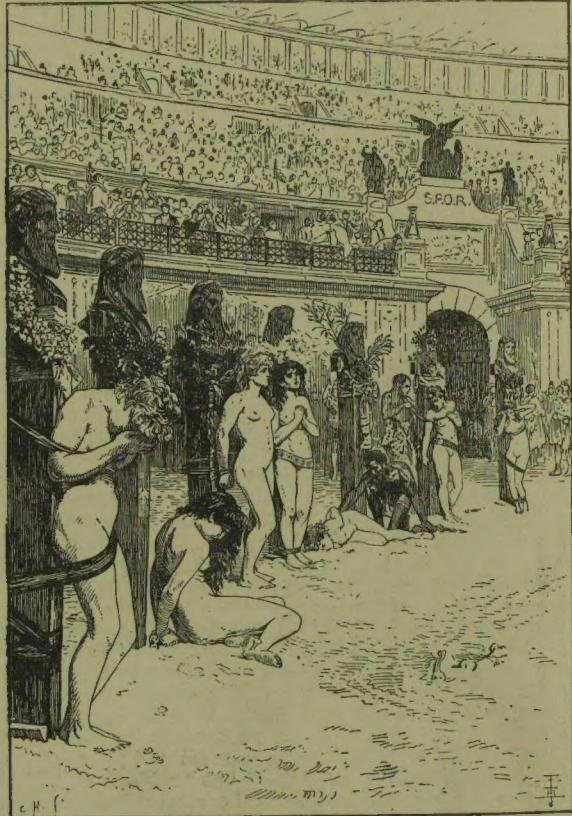
lace and blue ribbon bows. In contrast to this sort of thing, who can help noticing the young Marchioness who is mistress of millions, but who chooses to appear in a tumbled black lace gown and a last-summer's tulle bonnet, showing traces of much wear?—or the Manchester merchant's wife who goes out,

half hidden by a falling piece of black lace, made an effective finish. Mrs. Bernard-Beere was in black, with a full frill of white muslin tumbling down the middle of the bodice, and long white kid gloves. Mrs. Bancroft had a long coat of cut black plush.

Black was worn by Lady Rosebery, in the form of a striped velvet long mantle, relieved by a red tulle bonnet. Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury's youthful figure was displayed by a closely-fitting black cashmere dress trimmed with jet and worn without a mantle. Lady Salisbury was in brown velvet; Lady Greville in a striped polonaise of two shades of green silk; Lady Randolph Churchill in tan cloth, tailor made. Amongst the many other interesting figures were those of Mrs. Louise Jopling, in foulard having lightning stripes of white on a black ground; Miss Emily Faithfull, in a dark red tailor-made dress; Miss Genevieve Ward, in blue cashmere, with panel and vest of silver passementerie; Mrs. Newman Hall, in Gobelin blue plush; and Mrs. James Mactear in brown moire. A striking dress was a Directoire coat of black moire, with long basques on the hips and pockets there marked out with big cut steel buttons, which also emphasised the edges of the coat where



NIOBE.—S. J. SOLOMON.



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.—HERBERT SCHMALZ.

she can appear in a bright green plush coat, with a broad-brimmed leghorn hat lined with green and turned up behind with pink roses. If her personal case be otherwise, she can dress like a sensible old lady, in black velvet coat and black bonnet, but attract attention by a big white lace fichu, with red ribbon bows dotted round it, put on atop of the unobjectionable mantle, and covering it nearly to the waist. Or if she be neither young nor handsome, but have not "the grace to know it," no sumptuary law forbids her wearing a trained silk dress of brightest blue and a girlish hat of transparent white

Splendour and brightness of garb at Private Views being a little overdone, some of the most notable ladies have of late taken to appearing in black. This was apparent at the Grosvenor, and yet more so at the Academy. Nothing can surpass in effect a well-made black costume amidst a lightly tinted crowd. Lady Colin Campbell wore black at the Academy; her fine, tall figure showing conspicuously in a redingote polonaise of striped black cloth, trimmed with jet; while a Directoire-shaped bonnet of drawn rounds of black tulle, and under the high brim, so as to rest on the hair, a row of roses

it turned back from a white sash and vest. Grey was much worn, a rather pretty young girl's gown being of pale grey cashmere, with a pink ribbon passing like an order from left to right on the bodice, and variously-disposed straps of the same ribbon appearing on the skirt.

Women who work decidedly get a distinctive expression from it: a look of earnestness and of self-reliance, I think it is, which to me is very charming. It belongs to all classes of women-workers, but it struck me the other night that it is



CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE.—SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



"RATS, TOBY!"—G. H. SWINSTEAD.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S AYRSHIRE, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

F. J. Ferris.

A. H. Jarvis.

J. Worrall.

C. W. Beal, Manager.

J. M'C. Blackham.

H. F. Boyle.

J. Edwards.



G. J. Bonnor,

C. T. B. Turner.

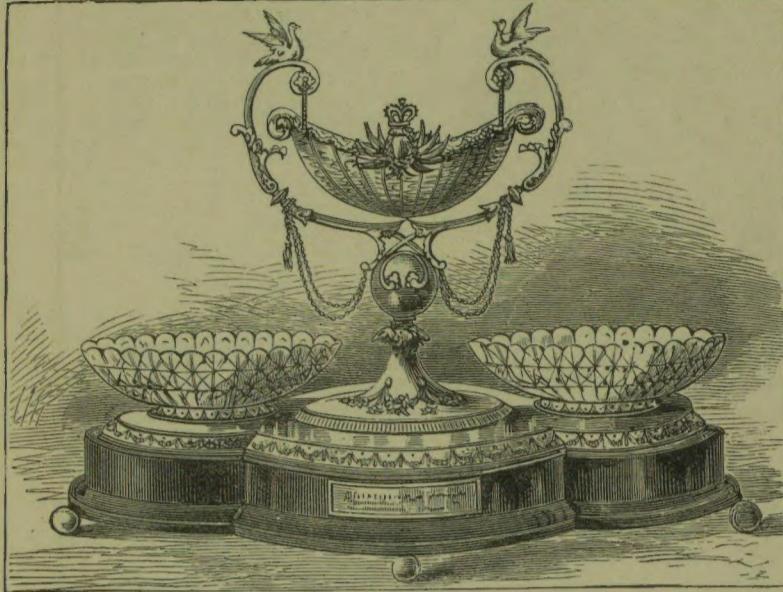
P. S. MacDonnell, Captain.

H. Trott.

A. C. Bannerman.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

seen in perfection in women-singers, because in them it is necessarily combined with an attention to social style and a gracious effort after personal charm that evaporate, perhaps, in a measure, from some other classes of women-workers. In singers there is found combined care (which surely we do not want to lose) to show the person to the best advantage and to retain "all grace of womanhood," together with the higher, more impersonal and more elevating ambition to excel in an art, and with the independence and strength of character that a self-supporting and self-reliant career confers. I was impressed with this at the party given by Madame Agnes Larkcom (Mrs. Herbert Jacobs) as a sort of house-warming, to celebrate her return from her wedding trip. Madame Antoinette Sterling, in blue and gold brocade; Madame Marian Mackenzie, in heliotrope self-coloured broche, with a long train; Madame Clara Samuell,



SILVER CRADLE PRESENTED TO THE MAYORESS OF WORCESTER.

in black; Miss Hilda Wilson, in grey satin train and gold brocade petticoat; Miss Damian, in grey faille Française and black velvet; Miss Clara Myers, in red silk and gold gauze; Miss Helen D'Alton, Miss Henden Warde, Miss Belle Cole, and Miss Annie Marriott, all in white;—these and several more ladies were present, and all sang in the course of the evening, as also did a number of equally well-known gentlemen, while Mr. Randegger and Mr. Ganz were amongst the players of accompaniments. I had never seen so many successful and eminent professional women-singers together in a room before—all in their "war paint"; and it struck me, as I have said, that although the marks of earnest effort and of a certain consciousness of success and independence were on all those countenances, it only served to make them more interesting, and not—as Dr. Richardson recently opined "a professional look" might do—to detract from the charm of the womanly personality. It was interesting, too, to see how unaffectedly they all sang; there was no formal programme, and none of the pressing and arranging that one usually sees going on between the hostess and her amateur singer friends. Each of these well-known and highly-trained performers went forward to the side of the piano as she or he saw a gap in the proceedings, and poured forth exquisite music without the smallest fuss, in a way that would have been a lesson to many a drawing-room amateur.

The rejection by so large a majority of the Shops Hours' Regulation Bill is a satisfactory sign. A proposal to make industry a crime—to render it a penal offence for a man to work for his own objects and at his own discretion as long as he found it necessary and profitable to do so—this was an unheard-of piece of grandfatherly legislation. (Why should I say grandmotherly?—grandmothers have nothing to do with legislation.) It has never before been seriously proposed to interfere with the freedom of adult men to sell their labour; nor has it ever been proposed to punish even women for the crime of being too industrious, and working too long. The Factory Acts fine employers of women in certain trades who keep their workers at labour after a fixed hour, but do not pretend to fine the women themselves, or to interfere, like this meddlesome and mischievous Bill, with any worker managing her own employment.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

It is ten years since the first visit of an Australian Eleven to England. The team which Mr. Gregory brought over in 1878 will always be memorable for the severe defeat they inflicted on Marylebone on the occasion of their first appearance at Lord's. From that time the reputation of Australian cricket became established, and gave a fresh impulse to the national game in this country. The new team, which arrived on April 26 by the steam-ship Austral, consists of Messrs. P. S. M'Donnell (captain), A. C. Bannerman, G. J. Bonnor, S. P. Jones (New South Wales), J. M'C. Blackham, H. F. Boyle (Victoria), and A. H. Jarvis (South Australia), who have visited England with previous teams; and Messrs. C. T. B. Turner, F. J. Ferris (New South Wales), J. D. Edwards, H. Trott, J. Worrall (Victoria), and J. J. Lyons (South Australia). It is the sixth Australian Eleven that has come to England. During the first week after the arrival of these colonial cricketers, they were engaged in daily practice on Mitcham common; but on Monday, May 7, they appeared on the ground at Norbury Hall, Surrey, the residence of Mr. J. W. Hobbs, Mayor of Croydon, to play against a selected team organised by Mr. C. I. Thornton. The result, on Tuesday evening, was the victory of the Australians, who scored 133 runs in their first innings, and 76, off six bats, in their second innings; while the English team made 144 in their first and 63 in the second complete innings. The Australians are engaged to play matches at Lord's, at Kennington Oval, at the Crystal Palace, at Birmingham, Oxford, Cambridge, Sheffield, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Nottingham, and many other places.

Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., presided on May 5 at the first annual dinner, held at the Holborn Restaurant, of Devonians in London. The company numbered about one hundred.

Remarkable prices were realised on May 5 at the sale of the collection of modern pictures of the late Mr. Bolckow, M.P. The seventy pictures realised £71,387, making the extraordinary average of over £1040 per picture. The smallest price paid for any picture in the sale was 74 guineas, and the highest price was £5550 guineas.

#### THE WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND.

At the Newmarket Spring Meeting, on Wednesday, May 2, the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes were won by the Duke of Portland's three-year-old colt Ayrshire, coming in two lengths ahead of Johnny Morgan, a horse belonging to the same owner, while Orbit, owned by the Duke of Westminster, was a head behind Johnny Morgan; Mr. R. C. Vyner's Crowberry was fourth; Friar's Balsam, owned by Sir F. Johnstone, was fifth; and the Duke of Westminster's Ossory was last. Ayrshire was ridden by J. Osborne. This horse, whose sire was Hampton and his dam Atalanta, was bred by his owner, the Duke of Portland. Ayrshire made his *début* in the valuable Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester last season, finishing third to Briarroot and Caerlaverock, the field numbering nineteen. The race was only won by a neck, a head separating second and third.

In the New Stakes at Ascot, Ayrshire again occupied his old position, his conquerors being Friar's Balsam and Seabreeze, with Bartizan unplaced. At Stockbridge, in the Bibury Club Home-bred Foal Stakes, the son of Atalanta scored his first success by three-quarters of a length from Challenge, with Irgunder a neck behind the second, and he followed this up by taking the Royal Plate at Windsor in a canter. His immediate followers were Hark, Toscano, and Palmleaf. In the Chesterfield Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting, he carried 9 st. 3 lb., and won from Bartizan (8 st. 10 lb.), second; and colt by Barcaldine out of Chaplet, third. Ayrshire next won the rich Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, which was worth £3000, and was then reserved for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. This he secured easily from Marmiton, Caerlaverock, Van Dieman's Land, Stronvar, Belle Mahone, and Crowberry. He was not again seen out last year, but at the recent Craven Meeting the Duke of Portland's colt ran in the Riddlesworth Stakes, his only opponent being the Duke of Hamilton's Disappointment. The race proved simply an exercise canter for Ayrshire, the judge's verdict being twenty lengths in his favour. Besides the Derby and St. Leger, he is engaged this season in the Payne Stakes, Epsom Grand Prize, Prince of Wales's Stakes, St. James's Palace Stakes, and Hardwicke Stakes, at Ascot; Midland Derby, at Leicester; Sussex Stakes, at Goodwood; Breeders' St. Leger, at Derby; Doncaster Stakes and Tenth Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket First October.

#### THE WORCESTER SILVER CRADLE.

It is a pleasant old custom, in some provincial towns, that when the wife of the Mayor, in her husband's year of office, gives birth to a child, a silver cradle shall be given to her. Such a compliment was recently paid to Mrs. Herbert Caldecott, the Mayoress of Worcester, by members of the Corporation. It was supplied by Messrs. Cooper, Son, and Co., of Worcester. It is designed to form a decoration for the table, to contain flowers or fruit, the cradle itself being the centrepiece, with cut glass dishes on a silver base, from which rise the supports for the cradle, embossed with festoons of flowers. On the supports are two doves, between which the cradle, designed in imitation of wicker work, swings freely. The city arms and the monogram of the Mayor and Mayoress are introduced. An ebony stand supports the whole, with a suitable inscription.

#### PARK GATEWAY AT BROUGHTY FERRY.

Our Illustration shows the design of a gateway which forms part of a Queen's Jubilee gift by Mr. James G. Orchar, the Chief Magistrate of Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, to the inhabitants of that burgh. It is the principal entrance to a public park called Rere's Hill, which Mr. Orchar, at his own cost, has inclosed and otherwise beautified. The portrait of the Queen in the medallion on the gateway was copied, by permission, from the bust by Princess Louise in the possession of the Royal Academy. The gateway was designed by Mr. T. S. Robertson, architect, of Bank-street, Dundee, and was erected under his superintendence.

The Government of New South Wales have bought a large number of copies of "A Concise History of Australian Settlement and Progress" (being a reprint of the Centennial Supplement to the *Sydney Morning Herald* of Jan. 24, 1888) for free distribution to public institutions in the United Kingdom, with the object of disseminating useful information respecting the colony.

For the forthcoming Whitsuntide holidays cheap tickets will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway Company, via the Harwich route, enabling passengers to visit the Brussels Exhibition, the Ardennes, and Holland. Passengers leaving London and the North on the Friday or Saturday can reach Brussels the next morning, and return on Whit Monday, arriving in London and the North on Tuesday. They have arranged, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, a special excursion to Hamburg, at single fares for the return journey.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, occupied the chair at the annual banquet, which was held at Burlington House on May 5. The Prince of Wales responded for himself, the Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal family. The Duke of Cambridge replied to the toast of "The Army," Lord George Hamilton to that of "The Navy," and the Marquis of Salisbury spoke on behalf of "Her Majesty's Ministers." Professor Tyndall and Mr. Lecky, the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Chancellor also spoke.

The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside on the Brighton and South Coast Railway will be extended as usual over the Whitsuntide holidays. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. On Whit Sunday and Monday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. On Whit Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

#### ACROSS TWO OCEANS: BRITISH GUIANA AND VENEZUELA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, during his stay in Demerara or British Guiana, was invited by a friend at Georgetown to join an excursion party going up the Essequibo River, to visit the penal establishment for convicts belonging to that colony, on the banks of the Mazaruni. The following is his account of what he saw in this expedition, which is illustrated by a series of Sketches:—

"I found myself on board the best, largest, and fastest of the steamers of the company plying to Berbice and all round the coast, and in the best of company, with an understanding that we should be away two days. For the first two hours we were exposed to a nasty cross sea, reminding one only too much of the English Channel passage; but after this we entered the Essequibo River, on each bank of which grew the finest of West Indian foliage. The first stoppage we made was at Bartica Grove; but why a village should be called a grove is a puzzle. This place in former days was the seat of government of the Dutch; and the Parliament House was still standing and undergoing repairs, or white-washing and painting. Many stones in a burial-ground, denoting that Dutch bodies of ancient date were reposing or mouldering underneath them, were examined with care; and some of the party were anxious that they should be handed over to the collector of ancient curiosities at Georgetown. We found a missionary here; but then in what part of the world can you go in these days without meeting one? The bell sounded, and we returned on board and steamed away for the Penal Settlement of Mazaruni. The scenery is not grand or imposing, but the effect of clouds and water as the sun begins to set is beyond my poor power of description: suffice it to say that we passed the Sail Rock; but why it has such a curious name, I was not able to find out. It is simply a small rock standing up from the river-bed, with a single tree sprouting from between a cleft in the rock. Then, after passing many islands, the largest of which are dubbed with the happy and euphonious names of 'Cow' and 'Calf,' we arrived at our destination.

"The only puzzle, in my mind, is that such a lovely spot—so free from mosquitoes, so charmingly situated, and with such surroundings—should have been devoted to the use and amusement of those of the coloured race in British Guiana who have committed crimes. The settlement, as seen from the river, makes you long to go ashore; and soon after we had done so, and had been received by the Superintendent in all kindness, we saw the convicts coming down to bathe. I made a sketch of this, and would willingly have made one of the bathing-scene; but instantly, on an order being given, the prisoners divested themselves of all their coverings, which only consist of calico trousers and jacket, and in another moment bounded into the river. Short is their delight, for in two minutes they are called back. I was told that the object of this bath is not to give them pleasure, but to ensure cleanliness. They are then marched back, each man is locked up in a separate cell, and about half-a-pound of bread, with a pint of molasses and water, is given them for supper. I smelt it and tried it, but that was sufficient for me. On the following morning I was able to see them at work. Some were breaking large rock-stone for road-making: the roads are made of very small stones, the twentieth part of our Macadam stones, all over Demerara. Others were drilling holes for blasting the rock which abounds at Mazaruni: this seems hard and dangerous work; for one man holds the drill while another hammers away at it—fortunately with precision, for there is some risk to the hands of the man holding the drill. I send a sketch of a prisoner, and one of a warden. The prisoners appear happy, and never rebel; for though they have every opportunity for escaping, there is nowhere for them to go, and the Indians, who abound in villages far and near, know very well there is a heavy reward for a convict's capture, and would soon be on his trail. When recaptured, he is so bound together with rope, and subject to such treatment and privations, that it has put an entire stop to the escaping attempts of those who are now undergoing the rewards of their misdeeds. After passing some hours in examining the church, and in sketching and being entertained, I returned on board."

The Spanish-American Republic of Venezuela, which is adjacent to British Guiana, occupying the greater part of the



GATEWAY OF RERE'S PARK, BROUGHTY FERRY.

northern coast of South America, was visited by our Special Artist, landing at La Guayra, the port of the city of Caracas, and further west at Puerto Cabello. Some account of Venezuela was given in our last; and Mr. Melton Prior's Sketches of town life at Puerto Cabello, of the train of pack-mules conveying merchandise on the road to Valencia, and of the mansion of the President of the Republic, with its free-and-easy military guard lounging and chattering at the door, seem not to require additional comment. The rumour of a very recent political revolution in Venezuela reached England a few days ago; but it was intimated by Ministers, in reply to a question in Parliament, that our Foreign Office knew nothing of the matter—and may, perhaps, care little about it.

A special meeting was held at the Parkes Museum, Margaret-street, W., on May 5, the occasion being the distribution of certificates by the Duchess of Albany, patroness of the museum, to ladies who had passed an examination following a course of lectures on domestic hygiene.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Originality in any form of art cannot fail to be interesting, and, say what people like, Miss Ada Rehan is an original actress. She has a style and manner of her own, a keen sense of humour, and she possesses that rare artistic gift which, when we discuss singing, is usually called "expression." No actress sent over to us from America in recent years has provoked so much discussion as Miss Rehan. On the occasion of the former visits of Mr. Augustin Daly's celebrated company a partisan warfare was waged over this strange and almost indescribable personality. Some took to her at once: her form of humour fascinated them, her style attracted, her affectation was found agreeable; on others she grew the more she was studied: at first there was a shock, then a reaction, lastly a reconciliation. To the rest this peculiar actress was altogether intolerable. Perhaps many of them said what they did out of the mere spirit of opposition, for the mere sake of differing, in order to pose as original; but, of course, to them the new actress was outside the pale of criticism. They could not see anything in her, it was folly to make a fuss about her, it was dogmatically stated that we have on the English stage a dozen actresses as good, or even better, and so on to the end of the chapter. All this happened before Miss Ada Rehan ever showed herself in a serious scene. She was merely the leading spirit in a series of not very elaborate or valuable German farces. But, on the present occasion, Mr. Daly has produced a play called "The Railroad of Love," which is not nearly so funny as "A Night Off," "The Boomerang," or many of his other pieces from the German; but it, luckily, gives Miss Rehan the opportunity for which many have anxiously waited. It is quite clear that she can be serious as well as funny; that she can go deeper into the surface of life than she has done before; that she is no mere farce actress, but could, if she cared to do so, play a character like "Frou-Frou," or the heroine of the "Maison Neuve," so well as to rival the best exponents of those characters, whether in France or England. The delicate instrument on which Miss Rehan elects to play on this occasion is the female nervous system. She presents to us a strange, fascinating creature: a widow who has lost but never loved, a woman who attempts to sink her serious nature in fun and frivolity, a being who flings herself into the world, is attracted by its ways, does what it insists she shall do, says what it saith, and positively does not dare to trust herself to think about her inner nature and her concealed heart. Suddenly she meets the subjugating influence. The man she seeks to conquer by her ridicule proves the master she has so long and secretly desired. She would flirt with him for a whim, but she soon opens her eyes to the fact that she is his victim. He has torn down the barrier, and her woman's heart is exposed. A more delightful instance of acting has not been recently seen than when this impulsive creature is humanised by the man she loves. Her coquetry, her wilfulness, her winning ways, her teasing, and her badinage gradually melt into the true womanly affection that wells from her heart. There may be some constructive mistakes in the scene where this delightful "Cousin Val" detains her lover over some humiliating occupation only for the mere delight of telling him that she loves him; but, when all is over, it must be conceded that there is but one actress who could approach Miss Rehan in the recital of this womanly chapter, in this agitation so full of nervous intensity, in this expression of love's mastery; and that actress, of course, is Ellen Terry. All our old friends have returned, and look as well as ever. Special congratulations were offered to Mr. James Lewis, who so much resembles Mr. Hare in style; to Mrs. Gilbert, who is the best old lady on the English or American stage; to Mr. Otis Skinner, a useful wavy light comedian; and very specially to Mr. John Drew, a first-class actor of the light school, with a good presence, a telling voice, and a charming manner. We miss Miss Virginia Dreher, for the character that belonged to her is the only one blot in the play, and destroys its welcome symmetry. What a good thing it would be if we could get one theatre in London that was not managed by an actor or actress! It would be contrary to human nature if the leading spirit did not gratify ambition rather than harmony of art; but with a literary man like Mr. Daly at the head of affairs, there can be none of that jealousy or selfishness that will intrude themselves when they are least wanted.

Recent matinées have been for the most part uninteresting and undeserving of special notice. Life is too short to chronicle the very small beer that is so constantly offered for our consumption. An exception, however, may be made in favour of the creditable—under the circumstances—performance of "Macbeth" that brought back Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer to the stage, and enabled Mr. Willard to perform a long-standing promise and play Macbeth. The "Milly Palmer" of old has altered very little—the same pretty face, the same interesting manner, the same insinuating voice. Like Mr. Willard's Macbeth, it was not a great performance, but a highly intelligent one. No new light was thrown on the tragedy by either actor or actress, who both pleased, if they did not satisfy. Mr. Macklin was a manly Macduff, and he would have been more effective if he had not been suffering from severe hoarseness. The three witches were admirably played by Mr. A. Wood, Mr. S. Calhaem, and Mrs. Huntley.

Dramatic taste is exposed to well-marked waves of change, and at the present moment child-dramas are in the ascendant. The men are staring at, the women are weeping at, and the children are laughing at the little "Lord Fauntleroys" and the "Babies of Bootles." The innocent prattle of children, the lisp of little ones, the infantine treble of babyhood resound through our playhouses. We have no sooner become accustomed to the humours of the flaxen-haired lordling who captivates his gouty old Earl uncle, than we find ourselves in the neighbourhood of the barrack-yard and the mess-room, where Miss Mignon reigns supreme. It is a pretty picture, the representation of a baby-girl conquering the hearts and making slaves of these "lardy-dardy" officers; it is a delicate idea to show what power innocence and helplessness have over the strongest and most selfish men, and there is something inexpressibly touching in a scene that makes a big cavalry officer adopt the foundling discovered in his barrack bed sooner than expose the poor little thing to the danger and the insult of the world outside. Of suggestion of tenderness and of humanity there is an abundance in John Strange Winter's military story; but a story is one thing and a play is quite another. Mr. Hugh Moss, the adaptor, has evidently no stage experience whatever. He does not know what scenes to choose or what dialogue to employ. He is unfamiliar with the art of interesting his audience; and it must, unfortunately, be declared that out of a very pretty series of incidents he has constructed a very poor play. At the same time, now that child-dramas are the vogue, it is not impossible that Mr. Edgar Bruce will be able to work it up into a success. The scene is so bright, the idea is so original, the uniforms are so smart, the barrack-life is so correctly represented, and Bootles' Baby, as represented by Miss Minnie Terry, is such a little darling, that the conspicuous faults of the construction may be overlooked, and crowded houses hoped for. Mr. Charles Collette, who, before he went on the stage, was a cavalry officer, makes a great hit as a soldier-servant; and,

having been permitted to embellish the author's bald dialogue with humour of his own, he becomes welcome whenever he is on the stage chattering about his conquests and deplored the faithlessness of the weaker sex. Mr. Edmund Maurice looks Bootles, but does not quite understand the man. He should be a stupid, thick-voiced, blundering, tender fellow, with the bulk of a warrior and the simplicity of a child. Fred Younge, in the old days, or John Clayton, ten years ago, would both have been an ideal Bootles. Mr. Maurice fails in the very thing that is so essential—heart. Miss Edith Woodworth may be congratulated on her simple, unaffected, and tender rendering of the ill-used Helen Grace, who is bullied into silence by a blackguard, and has to endure the kind of agony suffered by the heroine of "East Lynne." The dramatist does not know how to make the character effective; he has introduced Helen Grace awkwardly, and overwhelmed her with ineffective speeches; but Miss Woodworth won true sympathy for the woman, and made a charming picture. But, on the first night, with very few exceptions, the acting was not good, and the play was nervously handled. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, Miss Henrietta Lindley, Miss Webster, and Miss Evelyn all did well; but Mr. Sugden missed his opportunity as the military blackguard, and made his companions as nervous as himself. The two children engaged to represent "Bootles' Baby" were beyond praise. Nothing prettier has recently been seen than the discovery of the mite of two years old sitting up and staring in Bootles' barrack bed. Nothing disconcerted the child. In came the officers from the mess ante-room, full of wine and hilarious, hollering at the top of their voices: but the little one simply stared. They surrounded her, they patted her cheeks, they one and all stared at the baby; but the baby loyally refused to cry and spoil the scene. That child's stare was inimitable; it was pathetic. In fact, a couplet "In Memoriam" might well be parodied, and the child described as—

An infant staring in the light,  
And with no language but a stare.

And when Miss Minnie Terry came on she saved the play at a very critical moment. Her scenes with the officers are delightful; her drilling of the talkative soldier-servant, her tender love for Bootles, her mock marriage with a lisping swell, her baby tyranny over these strong men, were excellent moments; and for these things it is possible that attention may be directed to a new and curious play.

## MUSIC.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," was given at the Royal Albert Hall, on May 8, by command of her Majesty, who was present, accompanied by Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. We have so frequently had occasion to mention the beauty of the music and the artistic design of "The Golden Legend" that there is no need to enlarge upon its merits here. Of the soloists, Madame Albani, who was in splendid voice, Madame Patey, and Mr. Henschel were familiar to the parts they represented. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, and the performance was warmly received by a crowded audience.

The Philharmonic Society gave the fourth concert of the seventy-sixth season at St. James's Hall on May 3—too late for comment till now. The occasion included the first appearance in England of Edvard Grieg, the Norwegian composer whose music has attracted considerable attention both here and abroad during recent years. He has impressed a distinct tone of Northern romanticism and poetical idealism on his works, which, therefore, stand apart from much of the characterless music of the present day. At the concert now referred to he appeared in the capacities of composer, pianist, and conductor. His performance of his concerto in A minor evidenced his thorough acquaintance with the capabilities of the pianoforte; and as on previous occasions in this country, it pleased by its poetical and ideal tone. His two "Elegiac Melodies" for stringed orchestra (conducted by himself) are also replete with the characteristics just specified; the second especially, which was encored. These pieces had, likewise, been heard in London before. A novelty at the fourth Philharmonic concert was a charming orchestral work by Bizet entitled "Petite Suite—Jeux d'Enfants"—a series of short movements in which is reflected the graceful humour of childish sports. Each of the five movements is full of exquisite charm; that entitled "Duo: Petit Mari, Petite Femme," having received a well-merited encore. Two lieder by Grieg (with a third as an encore), expressively sung by Miss C. Elliot and accompanied by the composer, and an air from Massenet's "Héroïade," assigned to the same singer, formed the vocal programme; the instrumental selection having been completed by Mozart's symphony in C (No. 6) and Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas." Mr. Cowen conducted those pieces that were not directed by Herr Grieg, whose reception was of the most enthusiastic kind.

The next specialty, in order of date, was the first of the new series of concerts given by Señor Sarasate at St. James's Hall, on May 5. As on former occasions, his remarkable violin performances, and the co-operation of a fine orchestra, were special features. The accomplished Spanish violinist played, with admirable skill and refinement, Beethoven's Concerto, a "Suite" by Joachim Raff, and smaller pieces by Moszkowski and Saint-Saëns. Full effect was given to the accompaniments, and to Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony and Weber's overture to "Oberon" by the band, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

On the same date as that of Señor Sarasate's concert, the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society gave the third concert of the sixteenth season at St. James's Hall, the band conducted by Mr. G. Mount, and the programme comprising vocal pieces by Nikita and Mr. B. Lane, and pianoforte and violin solos respectively by Miss P. Ellice and M. Frank. Yet another concert has to be mentioned as occurring on May 5—that given in the afternoon at the Royal Albert Hall, at which an attractive vocal and instrumental programme was prepared.

Mr. Ernest Kiver's concert at Prince's Hall, on May 4, displayed him to advantage as an earnest and intelligent pianist, especially in a sonata for piano and violin by Grieg. The concert-giver's coadjutors in his programme were Messrs. A. and P. Burnett and Madame Osman.

On May 7 the important performances known as the "Richter Concerts" opened a new season at St. James's Hall, with the first of a series of nine concerts, the dates of the eight following performances being May 14 and 28, June 4, 11, 18, and 25, July 2 and 9. All the concerts take place in the evening, the hour being altered from eight to half-past eight. The programme of the first comprised a selection from Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt, including Pogner's address ("Die Meistersinger") and "Hagens Wacht" ("Götterdämmerung"), effectively declaimed by Mr. Henschel: the concert having closed with a very fine performance of Beethoven's symphony in C minor.

Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the new Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, delivered his inaugural address to the students at the institution, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, on May 5. After a just tribute rendered to the life and work

of his predecessor, the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, and an expression of regret at the recent premature and sudden death of Mr. Walter Bache, Dr. Mackenzie made some judicious observations on the course of studies which will be pursued under his direction, among which will be special attention devoted to the works of English Church writers, and to the cause of English opera. Dr. Mackenzie's remarks were listened to with appreciative attention by a numerous audience.

Miss Florence Menk-Meyer's recital at Prince's Hall on May 7 introduced her for the first time to an English public in the capacities of pianist and composer. The lady, who comes from Australia, has recently made a very favourable impression at a concert in Vienna, as we have previously mentioned. At the recital now referred to she manifested considerable executive powers—more especially in the bravura style—in a selection which comprised music by Chopin and Liszt, Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, and a transcription of Schubert's "Serenade," and a series of pleasing small pieces of varied character of the pianist's own composition. A somewhat too free use of the "tempo rubato," and a tendency towards exaggerated contrasts of tone might be modified with advantage.

The Royal Society of Musicians held its 150th anniversary festival at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, May 8, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The institution has, for the long period of its existence, exercised a vast amount of good in the relief of decayed musicians, or their widows or orphans. The musical profession is an arduous one—now more than ever so, with the multitudes who have within recent years entered on the career. There are great prizes for the successful few; but, for the plodding many, a precarious existence is the rule, and for large numbers of these the society now referred to has in a multitude of instances proved a protection from destitution. In its administration the society offers a model that might advantageously be imitated in many quarters. Its affairs are governed by the members at regular monthly and at special meetings, and only two paid officers—a secretary and a collector—are employed. The aid bestowed is effected without publicity, and in a way to avoid any shock to the most sensitive feelings. Large as have been the donations and bequests bestowed on the institution, the demands on its assistance are such as to require all its available resources for their adequate fulfilment; and all those with musical sympathies, and with superfluous means which they would desire to be worthily invested, could not find a better medium than the Royal Society of Musicians. The celebration now referred to included—as usual—a selection of vocal and instrumental music, which was contributed to by Mdlle. Trebelli, Miss H. Wilson, and Mr. C. Banks as solo vocalists, the members of the London Vocal Union (directed by Mr. F. Walker); and Miss W. Robinson (violin) and Mdlle. Dratz (clavi-harp) as solo instrumentalists. The instrument just named has already been described by us as a recent important ingenious combination of the qualities of the pianoforte and the harp. The dinner now referred to also included appropriate speeches by the president and visitors. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £1500, including £1000 from Mr. Molineux.

Mdlle. Juliette Folville—who gave a recital at Prince's Hall on May 3—belongs to the class of juvenile artists. The very young lady now referred to is an accomplished executant on both the pianoforte and the violin, her powers on each being remarkable for her age; her best displays, however, being perhaps those as a violinist, her rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto having manifested a good tone and neat execution. Her success was great in this instance, and in other pieces for the instruments specified, including some pleasing trifles of her own composition.

Among recent concerts were those of Madame De Llana and Mdlle. Ida Henry (both pianists), Mr. L. Kellie's first vocal recital, and the concert of Miss K. Flinn and A. Jansen on May 9; Mrs. M. A. Carlisle's benefit concert on May 10, the first of Mr. Charles Hallé's new series of chamber music concerts at St. James's Hall, and Mr. S. Kemp's chamber concert at Prince's Hall on May 11; the Bach Choir's afternoon performance of that composer's grand mass in B minor, and, in the evening, Mdlle. Rosina Isidor's concert being appointed for May 12, on which day the opening concert at the Alexandra Palace takes place, another Saturday concert at the Royal Albert Hall occurring in the afternoon, and the fourth and last smoking concert of the season of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at Prince's Hall in the evening.

Ballad concerts continue to be given on alternate Thursdays with operatic concerts at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee-Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road. Mrs. Mary Davies sang at the ballad concert on May 10, and Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves is announced for the 24th.

In our next number we shall have to speak of Mr. Augustus Harris's season of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent-Garden Theatre, which opens (as we have previously said) on Monday, May 14, with "Lucrezia Borgia," including the appearance of Madame Fürsch-Madi and Madame Trebelli.

The Duchess of Albany distributes the prizes to the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, at the Guildhall, on May 12—the Lord Mayor in the chair.

At a meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on May 7, Dr. Tyndall was elected Honorary Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Lord Rayleigh Professor of Natural Philosophy.

Professor John Stuart Blackie presided at the May banquet of the Edinburgh University Club, held at the Holborn Restaurant on May 9.

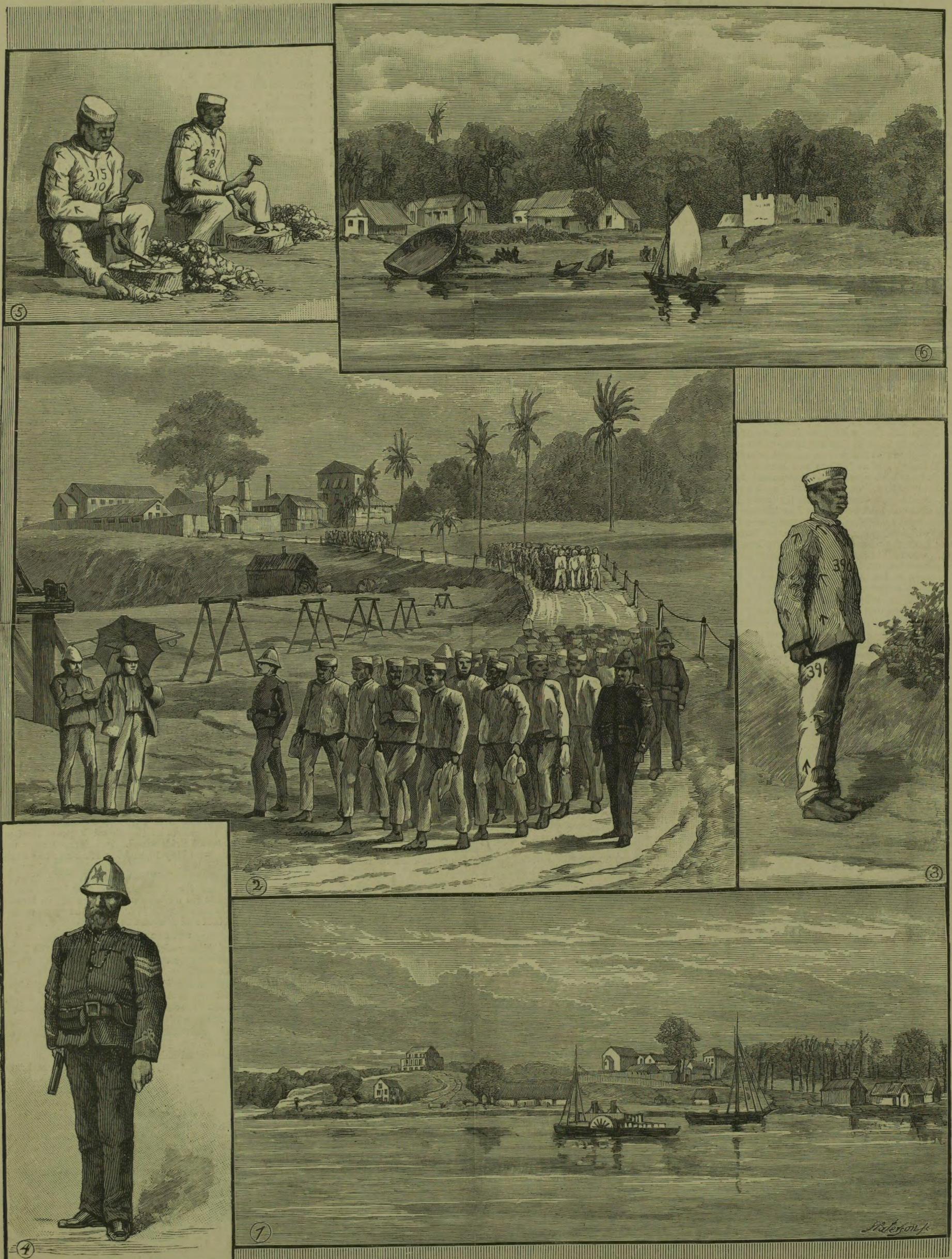
Mr. Brandram's recital this evening, May 12, will consist of copious extracts from "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona" for the first part; and "Virginia," "Sir Rupert the Fearless," "Lost and Found," and "Bob Acres' Duel" for the second part.

Judgment has been given by Mr. Justice North, in the Chancery Division, deciding that, under the bequest of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, it is not open to the Council of the Royal Academy to purchase sculpture in clay or plaster, but only finished works of art.

Mr. Dillon, M.P., was presented with the freedom of Drogheda on May 7, and in the speech which he made after signing the roll he declared that, while he was prepared to take his theology from Rome, he declined to take his politics from any foreign Power, whether Italy or England.—Mr. Condon, M.P., was brought up at Mitchelstown, on the same day, charged, under the Crimes Act, with taking part in an unlawful assembly, and sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment.

At a meeting of the Victoria Institute held on May 7 the Rev. H. G. Tomkins read a paper, contributed by Mr. Maspero, on the towns in Judea, the names of which had been recorded by the Egyptians as having been conquered by them. Mr. Maspero's paper was accompanied by a map, on which he had traced, from an examination of the localities, the sites of these towns, and he called attention to the evident exactness of the Bible topography which his researches indicated. There was an interesting discussion, and the meeting closed with a description of the recent discoveries in Egypt.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: SKETCHES IN BRITISH GUIANA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



1. Penal Establishment on the Mazaruni River.

2. Convicts going to bathe.

3. A Convict.

4. A Warder.

5. Convicts breaking Stones.

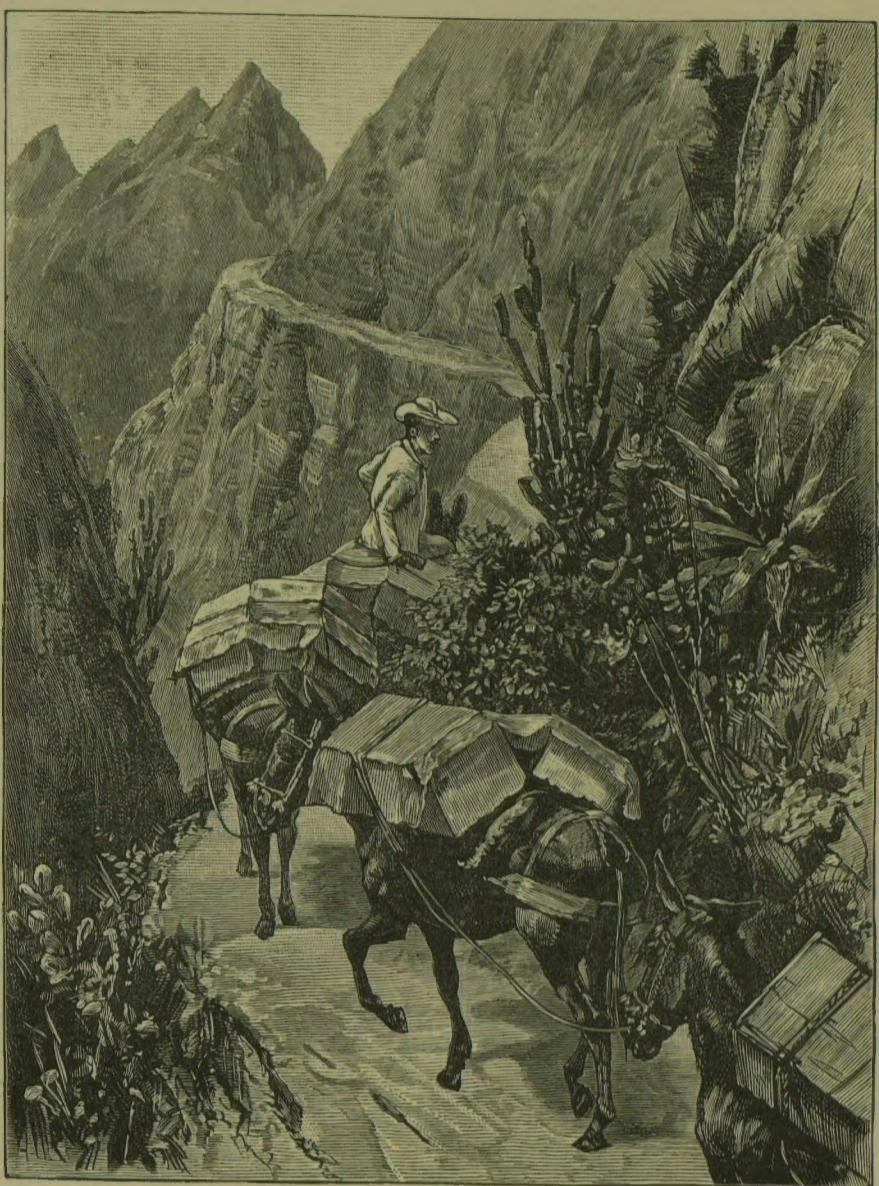
6. Fort Island, Essequibo.

*Parker*

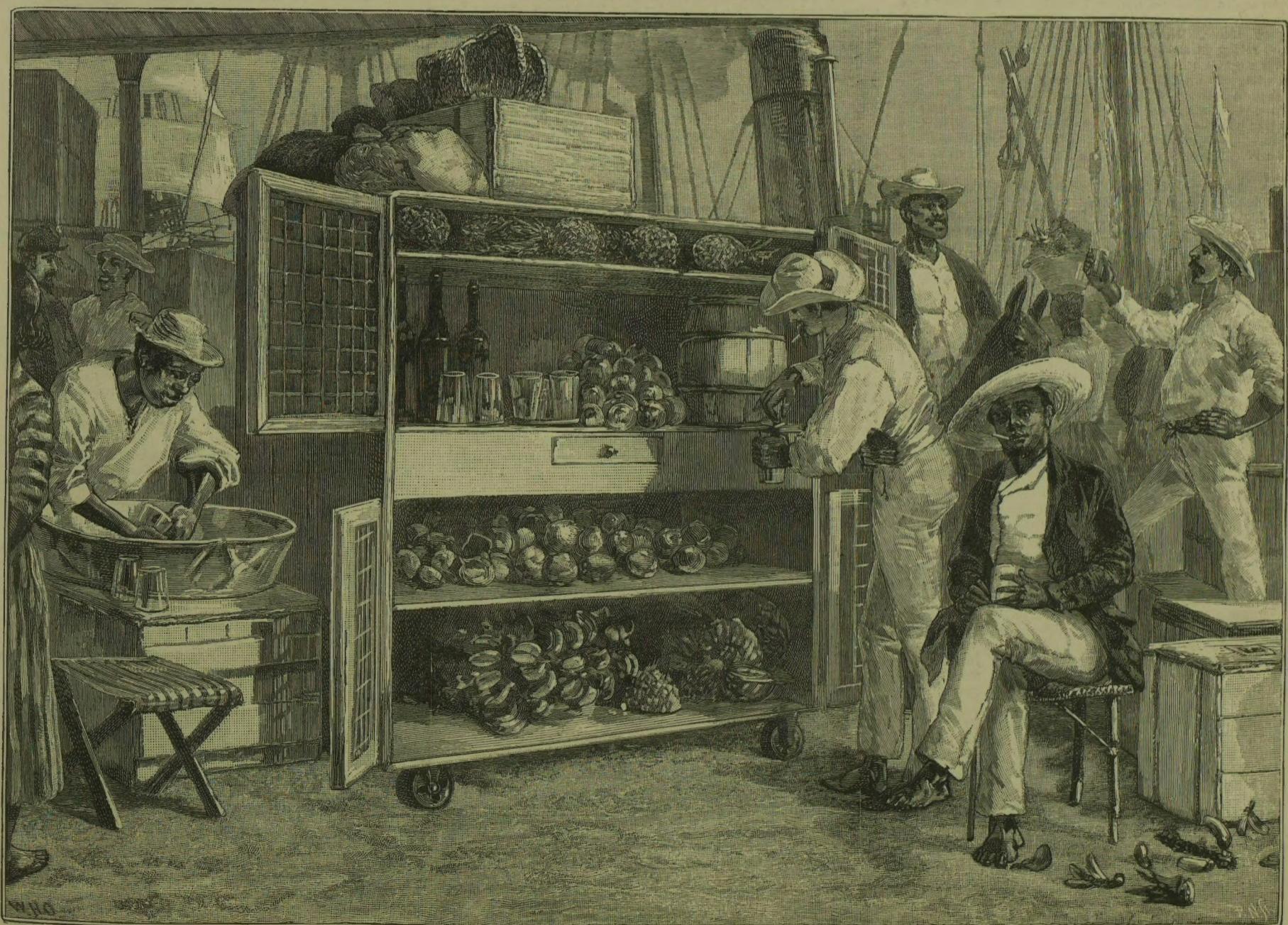
ACROSS TWO OCEANS: SKETCHES IN VENEZUELA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT CARACCAS: GUARD ON DUTY.



MULE MERCHANDISE TRAIN, FROM PUERTO CABELLO TO VALENCIA.



BEER AND FRUIT STALL ON THE WHARF AT PUERTO CABELLO.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 8.

Boulangism being still chronic in France, we must performe begin a review of the week with a few remarks on the "brav Général." In a few words, we may say that the General has affirmed his dictatorial projects, and that his friends are continuing the plébiscite. On Sunday, at the ballottage in the Isère, General Boulanger will be a candidate, and thousands of voting tickets are being distributed in his name. On Wednesday, at the Salon des Familles, at Saint-Mandé, will be served a Boulangist banquet of 600 covers, at which the General will not be present. Why? Doubtless because he is afraid of speech-making or afraid of a counter-manifestation. On Friday, the General will start for the Department of the Nord to thank his electors, and will visit Dunkerque, Douai, Lille, Valenciennes, St. Quentin, Anzin, and Denain. At Lille the General will deliver a grand programme speech. The Anzin Company has very wisely refused to allow Boulanger to visit their mines. To-day the publisher Jules Rouff is distributing, gratuitously, all over France two and a half million copies of the first instalment of General Boulanger's "Invasion Allemande," which is to appear in weekly parts. The preface of this apparently mediocre publication contains an alarming profession of doctrine to the effect that in these days of national armies the soldier cannot accept the obligation to assist in silence with folded arms at the lamentable spectacle of political errors that place the fatherland in danger; in other words, General Boulanger protests against the political neutrality of the army, which has hitherto been the safeguard of the Republic in all the crises that it has traversed during the past twelve years. Such are the leading Boulangist facts of the week. Whether the General is gaining ground or not it is hard to say. It is certain, however, that the agitation continues, and seems likely to continue for a long time to come.

For the moment it is impossible to give the complete results of the municipal elections which took place on Sunday in the 36,120 communes of France; but it is already clear that the Reactionaries have lost ground, while the Republicans have gained; and also that amongst the Republicans it is the Radicals rather than the Moderates who triumph.

With very few exceptions, the whole French press expresses astonishment at the extreme leniency of the Conseil de Guerre of Marseilles in condemning Sergeant Châtelain merely to transportation for life for having attempted to sell to the German and Italian Governments a Lebel gun and cartridges. The French code, as it was interpreted in this case, assimilates treason in time of peace to a political crime, so that it might happen, if a new Amnesty Bill were voted, that Châtelain would be liberated like a simple Anarchist, in which case he might end his career in the Chamber of Deputies.

In the Petit Gallery is now open an exhibition of drawings by Victor Hugo, very curious and interesting, given the man who made them. In this exhibition are all sorts of things: pictures of cathedrals, of feudal castles, of fairy fancies, caricatures, landscapes, portraits, studies for stage scenery—the whole produced as much with the feather of the pen as with the nib, and with a few spots of coffee as well as with the contents of an ink-pot. The Hugo drawings are specimens of romanticist art à outrance. There is a suggestion that a selection of these drawings ought to find a resting-place in the Louvre; which would, perhaps, be an excess of honour.

At the Opéra Comique, a new lyrical drama in three acts with music by Edouard Lalo, "Le Roi d'Ys," has been produced with great success. The subject, taken from a Breton legend, is treated rather in the style of an oratorio than of an opera, much less a comic opera, so that the score contains a considerable quantity of religious music and very little scenic music, but the music is none the less very remarkable and, from the symphonic point of view, admirable. M. Lalo is a composer of rare merit; he lives in a country where national art-production is supposed to be protected by the State; and yet he has had to wait until the age of sixty before making his débüt on the stage.

The ninth annual match between the Paris Rowing Club and the Société Nautique de la Marne will be rowed, on May 20, between Billancourt and Suresnes, a distance of 8000 yards. This race is the best equivalent that France can offer for the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, but unfortunately the public take no interest in the efforts of the two crews.

A special commission of the Academy of Medicine appointed to study the question has petitioned the Legislature to prohibit public seances of hypnotism, on the ground that they are dangerous for public health and morality.

The Grand Prix will be run this year on Sunday, June 3, as usual; but next year, in order to lengthen the Paris season, it will probably be put off until the last Sunday in June.—T. C.

The state of the Emperor Frederick's health leaves much to be desired. The following was the bulletin from Charlottenburg on May 8:—"His Majesty the Emperor-King had a better night, and feels stronger to-day. The fever is slight." Prince Bismarck had a long conference with his Majesty on the 5th.—The Empress Victoria has been suffering from neuralgia. Accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria, the Empress has again visited some scenes of the late inundations on the course of the Lower Elbe, about Wittenberg and Lüneburg. The welcome accorded to the Empress all along the line of her journey was again, as in the case of her trip to Posen, of a most cordial and even enthusiastic kind. On May 7 the Empress was present at a sitting in the Berlin Townhall of the Central Committee for the relief of the sufferers from the recent inundations. Her Majesty herself spoke, and advocated in particular the adoption of measures for the saving of life and property in case of the recurrence of such disastrous floods. Before leaving the Empress was presented with a bouquet of white roses by the Mayor, Herr Von Forckenbeck. As her Majesty drove off she was greeted with enthusiastic cheers.

The Bologna Exhibition was opened on May 6 by the King and Queen of Italy. On their arrival on the previous day, their Majesties met with a most loyal and enthusiastic reception, and the same cordiality was manifested towards them after the ceremony of inauguration.—Mount Etna has begun to show signs of active eruption.

A Numismatic Exhibition, comprising all the coins and medals struck during the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa, has been opened at Vienna.

Great devastation has been caused by crickets in Algeria. Last year swarms of grasshoppers ravaged the colony; this year the crickets have taken their place. They spring like grasshoppers, but have a more rapid and sustained flight. They form clouds which shut out the light of the sun. When they alight on the ground they destroy every trace of vegetation. They sometimes fall exhausted on the ground in such numbers as to cover it with a layer of dead bodies, from which pestilential exhalations arise. The correspondent of a Paris newspaper, in a letter from Algeria, says that the railway

trains have been stopped by the insects between Constantine and Batna.

It is stated by the *Daily News*' correspondent at New York that a sufficient number of States have chosen delegates to the National Democratic Convention to make it certain that President Cleveland will be unanimously renominated.—On Sunday a terrible disaster occurred on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, when a long freight-train was uncoupled near Locust Gap, the first section waiting for the second at the bottom of a steep incline. The brakes of the second half were insufficient to check its speed, and it ran on to the first part, the shock exploding a car-load of gunpowder. Seventeen adjacent houses were wrecked and set on fire. Eight persons were burned to death, and thirty others injured.

The Dominion Senate has passed the Fisheries Treaty without a division.—The amendment to the Budget proposed by Sir Richard Cartwright, attacking the fiscal policy of the Government, has been rejected by 117 to 66 votes, being a majority for the Government of 51.

The Transvaal Volksraad was opened on May 7, President Krüger having first been sworn in, after re-election.

India has been visited by a series of storms, partaking very much of the character of the Decca tornado. At Moradabad 150 deaths are reported, caused chiefly by hailstones. Most of the houses were unroofed, trees were uprooted, and masses of frozen hail remained lying about long after the cessation of the storm. Telegraphic news received from Delhi states that there has been an extraordinary hailstorm lasting about two minutes, which was virtually a shower of lumps of ice. One of the hailstones picked up in the hospital garden weighed 1½ lb.; another secured near the telegraph office was of the size of a melon, and turned the scale at 2 lb. At another place the Government House suffered severely, 200 panes of glass being broken by hail. In lower Bengal, at Rayebati, 2000 huts were destroyed, while twenty persons are reported to have been killed and 200 severely injured. Telegrams have been received from numerous points containing accounts of local tornadoes. Chudressur, close to Serampore, was almost completely wrecked. The storm only lasted three minutes, its course extending for a mile and a half, and its path being 300 yards wide. Its advent was preceded by a loud booming noise. Large boats were lifted out of the river, and in one case a small boat was blown up into a tree.

Throughout Australasia the feeling against Chinese immigration is becoming stronger, and some rioting has occurred at Brisbane, Queensland.—Peter Kemp, the Australian oarsman, has defeated Hanlan in the sculling-match at Sydney, for the Championship of the World and £1000.

The Shanghai correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphs:—There has been a terrible flood in the Canton River, in which 3000 people have been drowned.

An earthquake is reported from Japan.

The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales was opened on May 7 at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, which was crowded—the Rev. Robert Bruce, D.D., presided.

The Norwegian Greenland-Expedition, under Dr. Frithjof Nansen, left Leith on May 8 for Iceland. The party consists of Dr. Nansen, Lieutenant Dietrichson, Mr. Sverdrup, and Mr. Kristiansen, all fine, powerful young men, and two Laplanders, from Kantoekino, named Balta and Ravna.

The Frank Smart studentship of botany, open to all members of Cambridge University who have taken honours in Part I of the Natural Sciences Tripos, and who have not resided more than fifteen terms, has been awarded to Percy Groom, B.A., of Trinity College.

A person having been fined for travelling on the London and South-Western Railway without having paid his fare, the Brentford station-master posted his name and address among a "list of convictions." An indictment for libel was preferred, and removed for trial into the Queen's Bench Division. On the case coming before Mr. Baron Huddleston, his Lordship directed the jury to return a verdict of Not Guilty.

According to the Board of Trade returns, the imports into this country in the month of April exceeded by nearly a million those of the corresponding month of last year, while in the exports there was an increase of more than a million and a quarter. For the first four months of the year, as compared with the same period of 1887, the augmentations were five and a half millions in imports, and nearly four millions in exports.

The Board of Trade have awarded testimonials to the undermentioned persons, concerned in rendering services to the shipwrecked crew of the British ship Rokey, of Cardif, on Conil Reef, coast of Spain, on Jan. 25, 1888, viz.:—Gold shipwreck medals to Cipriano Garratón, Captain of the Port of Conil; Francisco Matos Miranda, Ensign, Corps of Carabineros, Conil; Francisco Muñoz Toledo, master of the Revenue cutter Viva; and silver shipwreck medals to Leopold Trives, Sergeant of Carabineros, Conil; Pantaleon Perez Fernandez, Sergeant of Carabineros, Sancti Petri; Rafael Gomez Rodriguez, and Francisco Bernal Grado, Corporals of Carabineros, Sancti Petri. The Board have also granted money rewards to the crew of the Revenue cutter Viva, above mentioned.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MAY 12, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence.

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Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

## OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES TILSTON BRIGHT.

Sir Charles Tilston Bright, a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, died at his residence in Philbeach-gardens on May 3, aged fifty-five. Sir Charles, on whom the honour of Knighthood was conferred in 1858 for his great scientific services in laying down the electric cable between Valentia and Newfoundland, was youngest son of Mr. Brailsford Bright, of London, and nephew of Mr. John Bright, M.D., of Manchester-square, and of Overton Hall, in the county of Derby, descended from a family of Bright of antiquity and distinction. This great electrician is well known as having been the principal engineer in laying down the first Atlantic cable. In 1865 he was elected to represent Greenwich in Parliament, and in 1881 he represented England at the French International Exhibition, in connection with which he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He married, in 1853, Hannah Barrick, daughter of Mr. John Taylor, of Kingston-upon-Hull, and by her had issue, two sons and one daughter.

MR. WALTER SHIRLEY.

Mr. Walter Shirley Shirley, late M.P. for Doncaster, died on May 1, aged thirty-seven. He was the only surviving son of Mr. W. E. Shirley, Town Clerk of Doncaster, by Jane Winteringham, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Shirley, of Attcliffe, in the county of York. He was educated at Rugby and at Balliol College, Oxford (M.A., 1876; B.C.L., 1881); and was called to the Bar in 1876. He was elected for Doncaster in November, 1885.

MR. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Dorset, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for Shaftesbury (1845 to 1852) and for Dorchester (1852 to 1868), died on May 2, aged seventy-nine. He was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Sheridan and grandson of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the orator, statesman, and dramatist. He served as High Sheriff for Dorset in 1838, and was an Hon. Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve. He succeeded his father in 1817, and married, May 18, 1835, Marcia Maria, only surviving child of Lieutenant-General Sir Colquhoun Grant, K.C.B., G.C.H., by whom he leaves three sons and two daughters.

DR. PETER LEONARD.

Dr. Peter Leonard, R.N., lately Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, died at Arbroath on May 2, aged eighty-seven. He was educated at Arbroath Academy, became a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in 1822; a Doctor of Medicine, of St. Andrew's, in 1851; and a member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, in 1859. He entered the Navy early in life, and served in nearly every naval station of the British Empire. He was for some years Deputy-Inspector-General at Chatham, and he received the Greenwich Hospital pension for good service.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major Reginald Calvert, Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire and late of 11th Hussars, on April 28, aged fifty-five.

Major John Henry Bringhurst, late 90th Regiment, on May 4, at Springfield Lodge, Chelmsford, aged seventy-three.

Lady Baynes (Catherine Polidon), widow of Sir Edward Stuart Baynes, K.C.M.G., on April 20, at Valletta, Malta, aged eighty-seven.

Elizabeth, Lady Brunlees, wife of Sir James Brunlees, the celebrated engineer, and daughter of Mr. James Kirkman, of Bolton-le-Moors, in the county of Lancaster, suddenly, at Reigate, on May 4.

Mr. Denham William Jephson-Norreys, J.P. for the county of Cork, on May 6, aged sixty-seven. He was the only surviving son of Sir Charles Jephson-Norreys, Bart., of Mallow Castle, in the county of Cork.

Emmeline, Lady Parker, widow of Sir Henry Watson Parker, K.C.M.G., and youngest child of the late Mr. John MacArthur, of Campden Park, New South Wales, on May 3, at Stawell House, Richmond, Surrey.

Mr. Richard Popplewell Pullan, F.S.A., a distinguished antiquary, and a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, on April 30, at Brighton. He was the author of a number of valuable treatises and lectures.

Major Robert Wilberforce Bird, of Barton House, in the county of Warwick, and of Blunt's Hall, in the county of Suffolk, J.P., late of E.I.C.S., on April 29, aged seventy-three. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Mertins Bird, of Barton House, by Jane Grant, his wife, eldest daughter of the Rev. David Brown, D.D.

Professor Leone Levi, Professor of Commercial Law, King's College, London, at his residence, Highbury-grove, London, on May 7. He was born at Ancona in 1821, came to England in 1844, and was naturalised in 1847. It was by his efforts that the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce was established, in 1849; similar institutions being subsequently formed in other commercial towns.

Lieutenant John Lowry, at Pomeroy House, Pomeroy, in the county of Tyrone, on April 29, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. He served with the 8th Regiment in the American War of 1812-13-14, and was present in the actions of Prescott, Sachet's Harbour (severely wounded), Chippewa, Lundy's Lane (contused), assault on Fort Erie and sortie (severely wounded) in September, 1814, and was severely wounded through the body in action at Sachet's Harbour.

The Rev. Arthur Archbold Phillpotts, at Harton Vicarage, on April 29. By his death the Diocese of Durham has lost an earnest and hard-working parish priest. He was the youngest son of the late Colonel George Phillpotts, Royal Engineers, and nephew of the late Bishop Phillpotts, of Exeter. Appointed to the Vicarage of Harton twenty-four years ago, when it was first made a separate parish, he has ever since devoted himself to its spiritual welfare, as well as its educational and general progress.

Mr. James Freme, of Wepre Hall, J.P. for the county of Flint, on April 21, aged forty-eight. He was born in 1840, son of William Purser Freme, Esq., of Wepre Hall, by Anna Tryphosa, his wife, of Exton Hall, in the county of Lancaster, was one of the lineal descendants of the ancient family of Freme, of Nether Lypiatt, in the county of Gloucester, who were settled there from the reign of Edward III. until 1659; afterwards of the county of Worcester, the county of Lancaster, and the county of Salop. Mr. Freme leaves three sons, the eldest being in his sixteenth year.

Mr. John Carter, of New Cavendish-street, who has supplied the Emperor of Germany with a reading-machine, has just received an order from Sir Morell Mackenzie for a strong carrying-chair for his Majesty.

Mr. G. Faudel Phillips has been unanimously elected Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Within, in succession to his father, Sir Benjamin Phillips, who has retired after thirty-one years' service. A resolution formally adopted records the thanks of the Ward for the long-continued and faithful services of the retiring Alderman.

## A VILLAGE IN THE LENNOX.

Quite an hour ago, on the mountain ridge yonder in the west,  
the sun—

Cesar-like,  
Gathered his robes around him as he fell.

Yet still, here, in the inner sanctuary of the wood, a blackbird is piping vespers upon his golden flute, and at intervals amid the silence some happy bird, mavis or shilfa, twitters the last notes of her sweet hedge-song. But the gloaming has gathered upon field and coppice, and already through the blue chambers of heaven the joyous Hours are tossing their golden playball the moon. A little later and it is fairly night. A soft spring night, in which Nature, like some gentle and lovely maiden, seems to breathe and stir in innocent sleep. The soft airs that ever and anon come and go are balmy with the bursting life of the woods; and the silvery tinkle of the streamlet falling among the alder roots below the bridge seems a cradle-song over the sweet young life that has begun to be.

A light is glowing in the study window of the manse, back there among its yews. The minister will be writing his sermon for Sunday—burning the midnight oil. A fit place that is for the passing of a good man's life. Retired a little from the path of common feet, it is not so far from the beaten highway as to be inaccessible to those in need. There the poor and friendless can obtain gentle counsel from the lip of the minister, and sympathy and help from the kindly heart of his wife. The high-walled garden about the manse is rich with the memory of many a good man long since passed away, and its gravelled walks have been trod by many a vanished generation of innocent childish feet. In these quiet manses, as much, perhaps, as in the gay mess-room, the grave law court, or the chamber of legislature itself, dwell the makers of the nation: men doing the duty they have been set to, careless for applause, and leaving the issue in simple faith to the ripening of time.

A little further along the road a fragrance of burning underwood hangs on the air. It comes from the Duke's gate-lodge there among the trees, and bespeaks a fire "gathered" with wood-ashes to keep alight till morning. Still further on, there is lingering the sweet smell of hay-ricks, a smell the farmer loves, for it betokens that the hay has been winnowed without rain. No light is to be seen about the farm-steading, however, for the folk there must be in bed betimes if they would be up to attend their cattle in the morning. Of such hours and of simple fare comes the health these farmer-folk enjoy—the pearly teeth and clear eyes of the comely lasses, and their breath sweet as that of the clover itself.

The village, too, is dark, asleep with its simple cares and few sorrows, and a contrast to the city behind these mountains, which will be reeking at this hour with bad theatrical gas and stale tobacco-smoke. A tranquil and pleasant retreat the place has proved for at least one widow and her little family who have chosen to dwell here. The house they live in was a ploughman's once, a thatched cot in the midst of a thorn-grown garden, and a spot conventional seekers of houses would have passed unnoticed by. But the more discerning eye of its present occupant perceived in it other possibilities. A few months' trimming and pruning in leisure hours by tasteful hands have made the garden a thing of beauty; while through the bright little windows, deep set in honeysuckle, the creamy curtains and red gleam of firelight bespeak the comforts of a snug and delightful nest.

When the head of the little household, the cashier of a city warehouse, died, his wife was left with but slender and insufficient means; and, as with many others of her class in similar circumstances, her only prospect of a livelihood seemed to lie in the dismal resource of letting apartments. But she had daughters, and she knew the disastrous effect such a proceeding was likely to have upon them. Moreover, she was a woman of original ideas and some strength of character, and she bethought herself that there might be pleasanter ways of eking out a subsistence. Accordingly she came here with her family, transformed a ploughman's cot by the simplest and least expensive methods into a pretty home, and, by means of a few little arts, aided by the produce of her garden and the cheapness of country living, has managed to make a comfortable livelihood for herself and her brood.

One of the daughters, the artistic one, makes quite a small competence by painting Christmas and menu cards, and by designing window curtains and wall-papers from the tree branches and field flowers around her. Another, who is deaf with her fingers, besides attending the garden, weaves from meadow-rushes all manner of beautiful green baskets, which find a ready sale in the fashionable shops of the city; and last year she helped the family resources considerably by sending up to market regular consignments of watercress, and such little-thought-of wildflowers as primroses, violets, and marguerite daisies. The mother herself has recalled the useful memories of her country girlhood: with her own hands she manages the little household, milks the single cow, and looks after the fowls and bees; while Charlie, her son, after he comes home from the country grammar-school, sometimes catches as many trout in the burn close by as serve for the morning's breakfast.

Who will say that the little household has chosen a mistaken path, or that others might not with advantage follow its example? Had the family remained in town, their slender means must have sunk to insignificance before the most frugal scale of city expenses. The mother must have taken in boarders, and the girls must have gone into shops, with all the debasing consequences that these resources too often entail. Here, their life is free and pleasant; they are respected, and are, indeed, the small aristocracy of the village. Roses, such as no poor shop-girl may hope to wear, cannot help blooming in the cheeks of these fair sisters, as they sit at work in the sunshine by the cottage-door, the fragrant thyme and southernwood at their feet, and the crimson bells of japonica or the sweet yellow clusters of honeysuckle flowering on the wall behind them. More fit surely are these sweet girls, their soft eyes black as the velvet blossom of the bean, their veins full beating with untainted blood, and the grape-bloom of health on their ripe red lips—more fit surely to be the wives and mothers of the future than are many of the weary, dim-eyed toilers in shop and factory. The refinements of the city too, are here, without its drawbacks. The passer-by, after dusk has fallen, may hear from within the ripple of rich German *Lieder*, or the plaintive melody of some sweet Scotch song. And if he be privileged to cross the threshold, he will find within the bright little lamp-lit parlour—low-ceiled, indeed, but cosy and charming—as many signs of taste as he could discover in not a few imposing mansions. Pecuniary care cannot come to a household like this, for its requirements are simple, and the incentives to extravagance are far away. Even rent day, so small are its demands, can have no terrors. Best of all, if health and happiness exist anywhere on earth they surely are to be found in such a spot.

Happy indeed would many be if they perceived in time that it is not by the greatness of a man's means, but by the fewness of his wants that competence is secured. Then they might enjoy life as Heaven meant it to be enjoyed, without first spending their best years in bootless pursuit of "that which is not bread."

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*  
J W RALFS (Liverpool).—We are not acquainted with the Spanish chess world, and cannot tell whether any clubs exist there or not.  
GUSTAV MONSCHU.—You are right about No. 2; but neither positions are good enough for publication. They are both lacking in the essential elements of problem composition—beauty of idea and elegance of construction. The game, however, shall appear shortly.

E J WINTER WOOD.—Thanks for problem and kind sentiments.

G GLOVER.—The problems are very promising, though not quite up to publication standard.

J G.—Thanks for the slip, which we shall be glad to receive regularly.

ANY AMATEUR of moderate strength wishing to play a game of chess by correspondence may hear of a competitor by addressing G. H. T., High House, Kenton, Devon.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2297 received from J. Bryden, H. J. McGuinness, F. H. M., and J. W.; of No. 2298 from J. Greeness, Carlsruhe W. Wood, W. L. Martin (Commander, R.N.), E. R. Ellaby, A. C. W. (Dover), G. L. Hartley, Benedict, T. G. (Ware), H. J. McGuinness, Blair, H. Cochane, G. E. Boys, and Isomony.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2299 received from G. J. Veale, R. Worsters (Canterbury), Columbus, G. Powell, Thomas Thorn, Jupiter Junior, L. Wyman, H. Lucas, E. Casella (Paris), Dr. F. St. R. H. Brooks, E. Phillips, Howard A., R. Sheepshanks, L. Sharswood, Hereward, J. Wink, A. G. W. (Dover), H. W. Frostor, W. L. Martin (Commander, R.N.), Alphonse Petrossian, Rev. Winfield Cooper, John Collins, Steyning, J. Bryden, L. Desanges, W. Drymen, Shadforth, G. J. Boorne, Major Prichard, W. B. Shaw, W. H. D. (Woburn), H. E. H. F. N. Banks, H. Simleton, T. G. (Ware), E. E. H., D. McCoy, Jen. Anglino (Lime-Rest), H. A. Nesbit, J. M. Dalzel (Edinburgh), C. E. P., W. R. Railean, J. Hepworth Shaw, T. Roberts, G. E. Boys, J. G. Hankin, J. Wilkinson (B.A.), S. Sircom, G. T. Addison (York), Dame John, Bute, Bernard Reynolds, Odham Club, W. Wright, and F. H. M.

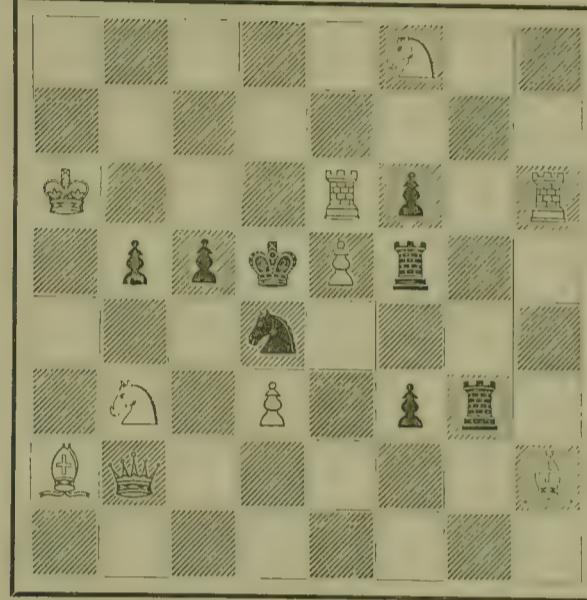
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2297.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q sq	K moves
2. P to Q 4th	Any move
3. Kt or P mates.	

## PROBLEM NO. 2301.

By J. J. WATTS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the British Chess Club between Messrs. ANGER and MILLS in the contest for the Amateur Championship.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. A.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

3. P to K B 4th B to Q K 5th

4. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 3rd

5. B to Q B 4th P to K R 3rd

6. Castles Kt to K B 3rd

7. P to Q 3rd B to K Kt 5th

8. Kt to K 2nd Castles

9. P to Q B 3rd B to B 4th (ch)

10. K to R sq Kt to R 2nd

The retreat of this Kt was unnecessary, and it takes no further part in the game.

11. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to K 2nd

12. Q to Kt 3rd

A move of negative virtue. Black now institutes a series of exchanges, which necessitates the return of the Queen to its square, in order to bring it into play on the King's side of the board.

13. B takes P Kt to Kt 3rd

14. B to Q 2nd B takes Kt

The natural move, but none the less effective for all that.

15. R to K 3rd R to Kt 3rd

16. R to B 5th Kt takes B

17. Q takes Kt B to K 3rd

18. R to K B sq Q to K 2nd

19. K to R B 3rd Q to K 3rd

20. Q to R 4th P to K B 3rd

This exchange is premature, giving up a well-posted Kt for the adversary's B. We prefer P to Q B 3rd, threatening P to Kt 4th. Then, if Q takes Kt P is taken; if Kt 16, R takes B, R to Kt sq; if Q to R 6th (if Q takes B, P to Kt 4th), it takes P, and Black has the better game.

21. Kt to B 5th K to R sq

22. R to Kt 3rd R to B 2nd

23. Q to Q sq This move forces the game.

24. R to Q 2nd R to Kt sq

25. Q to Kt 4th R to Kt sq

26. Q to R 8th (dis.) Q to B 6th

To dislodge the R before giving the fatal check with P, Black must now suffer a loss whatever is played.

27. R to K B sq R to Kt sq

28. P to Q 4th P to B 3rd

29. P takes P' P takes P

30. K R to B 3rd B to Q sq

31. P to K R 3rd K to Kt sq

32. Kt to R 6th (ch) K to R sq

33. P to Kt 4th B to K 2nd

34. P to R 4th K to Kt 2nd

35. Kt to B 5th (ch) K to Kt 3rd

36. R to B 6th (ch) R to Kt 3rd

37. P to R 5th (ch) K to B 2nd

38. P to Kt 5th P takes P

39. Kt tks B (dis. ch) K takes Kt

40. R to B 7th (ch) K to K 3rd

41. R takes R' K takes R

42. R to B 7th (ch) K to K 3rd

43. R takes Kt K to B 4th

44. R to Kt 7th R to K R sq

45. R takes P (ch) K to B 5th

46. R to Kt 8th (ch) R to Kt 8th

47. P to R 5th (ch) R takes P (ch)

48. K to Kt 2nd R to Kt 4th

49. R takes R' K takes R

Drawn game.

The British Chess Club has arranged to meet the Cercle des Echecs at Paris on May 12. On the other hand, the proposed match between England and Germany has fallen through, owing to difficulties in making terms satisfactory to both sides.

The handicap at Simpson's was won by Mr. Gunsberg with the fine score of 16½, half a point short of the highest possible. The final result was: 1. Gunsberg; 2. Mason; 3. Bird.

We learn that the new and important work on "Chess Openings," by Mr. Freeborough and the Rev. C. E. Ranken, is in the Press, and will be shortly issued to subscribers. The object of the book is to provide for the requirements of all classes of players, and in carrying out the design the compilers have been aided by some of the best British analysts, notably Mr. G. B. Fraser and Rev. W. Wayte. Such a text-book brought down to date ought to meet with much popular demand.

Another work, also in the press, is an analysis by Messrs. Pierce of an opening, called by them the "Pierce Gambit," a series of papers on chess, and a selection of the authors' best problems are included in the volume.

The annual dinner of the City Club came off on Tuesday, May 1, at the Salutation, in Newgate-street. There were about sixty gentlemen present, among whom were Mr. Blackburne, Dr. Zukertort, Mr. Gunsberg, Mr. Birn, Rev. Mr. McDonnell, Mr. Hoffer, Mr. Minchin of the St. George's Club, Mr. Pollock, Mr. Guest, and Mr. Fischer, of Berlin. Mr. Anger occupied the chair, and Mr. Gastineau and Mr. Adamson were vice-chairmen. In responding for the toast of "The Chess Press," the Rev. Mr. McDonnell feelingly alluded to the late Mr. Duffy, and other speakers expressed their regret at his untimely death.

Prince Karl of Denmark, the second son of the Crown Prince, and the second son of the King of Greece are among the naval cadets who will take official part in the opening of the Anglo-Danish Exhibition. The directors have engaged the band of the Coldstream Guards, in addition to that of the Grenadiers.

## BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

A concert and masque in aid of the Work-Girls' Protection Society have been given at The Grange, Kilburn, by permission of Mrs. Peters.

The sixty-first anniversary dinner of the friends of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum will take place on May 17 in the grand concert-room of the Crystal Palace.

The Skinners' Company have given ten guineas to the Parkes Museum, to aid in maintaining and extending its work of practically teaching the laws of health.

Under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, an exhibition and sale of artneedlework, Irish lace, and wood-carving, from the Royal Irish School of Art-Needlework, Dublin, was held at Devonshire House on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The festival dinner of the subscribers and friends of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women took place at the Hôtel Métropole, Mr. John Aird, M.P., presiding. Subscriptions amounting to nearly £1000 were announced.

The annual dinner of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation was held on May 7 at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, the Lord Mayor presiding. Subscriptions to the amount of £1500 were received, and legacies of £7000 have recently been left to the institution.

Sir James Paget presided on May 2 over the ninety-ninth anniversary festival of the Royal Literary Fund, which was held in Willis's Rooms. The donations amounted to £1100, including the Queen's fifty-first annual subscription of 100 guineas, £50 from Lord Derby, and £21 from the chairman.

Princess Mary Adelaide was present, on May 7, at the annual meeting of the supporters of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, held at the Hôtel Métropole—Lord Kilmarnock presiding. During the four years of its existence 14,048 children had been sent to the country for holidays, at a cost of £9178.

The annual meeting of the subscribers to the British Home for Incurables was held on May 2 at the Cannon-street Hotel, Earl Amherst presiding. The report stated that there were forty-four in-patients and 279 out-patients on the books in March. The chairman congratulated those present on the continued success of the charity.

"Night and Day" is a record of Christian philanthropy, edited by Dr. Barnardo in connection with his Homes for Destitute Children at the East-End of London. The number for May is full of incidents and facts illustrating his

## THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR ALFRED RYDER.

The accidental death of Admiral Sir Alfred Phillips Ryder, by falling into the Thames at the Vauxhall steam-boat pier, on Monday, April 30, is much regretted. This gallant officer was the junior of the six Admirals of the Fleet. He was born in 1820, the seventh son of the Right Rev. Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, who was third son of the first Lord Harrowby. The wife of Bishop Ryder was Sophia, daughter of Mr. Thomas March-Phillipps, of Garendon Park, Leicestershire. Alfred Phillipps Ryder entered the Navy as cadet in 1833, and, after fifty-two years of service, gained the highest rank that can be reached by a naval officer. His commissions bore date:—Sub-Lieutenant, 1839; Lieutenant, 1841; Commander, 1846; Captain, 1848; Rear-Admiral, 1866; Vice-Admiral, 1872; Admiral, 1877; and Admiral of the Fleet, 1885. In 1847 he was employed in North America and the West Indies in command of the Vixen steam-sloop. During the war with Russia he was in command of the Dauntless in the Baltic and the Mediterranean. He was Comptroller-General of Coastguard from 1863 to 1866, and Naval Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty. He was second in command of the Channel Squadron in 1868, after which he was appointed Naval Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris. In 1871 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the China station, and, afterwards, was Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth till 1882. He was made a K.C.B. in 1884. Admiral Ryder was the author of a work on the saving of life at sea. He married, in 1852, Louisa, daughter of the late Henry Dawson, of Launde Abbey, Leicestershire, and by her, who died in 1855, had an only child, Edward, who married, in 1877, Agnes Augusta, daughter of Mr. J. L. Bickley, and died in the same year.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Symonds and Son, Portsmouth.

## CATCHING BAIT IN CALAIS HARBOUR.

Line-fishing as well as net-fishing contributes largely to "the harvest of the sea," and is much used for taking cod and haddock in the German Ocean; the lines run out to a length of 300 ft., with a hundred hooks on each line, baited with mussels, whelks, or limpets, or with small pieces of herring or whiting; eight such lines may be thrown out from one boat. So many vessels are engaged in this kind of fishing that it becomes difficult to obtain a sufficient supply of bait; and, where shell-fish do not abound on the shore, but must be imported from distant places, it is a costly item of expense. Mussels are largely cultivated for this purpose on the western coast of France, at Esnandes and Aiguillon, near Rochelle. Cuttle-fish also make very good bait; there is a considerable variety of marine molluscs available for tempting the more valuable fish to the hook, and fish of less price can be cut up to use for bait. In Calais harbour, and in other ports of the Channel, these are obtained by large drop-nets lowered from the switches fixed to the mast of a boat, or from the pier, as shown in our Illustration. The produce is readily sold to fishermen, who require great quantities of fresh bait. It will be remembered that in the disputes with the French about their fishery rights off Newfoundland, and with the Americans respecting their admission to the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fisheries,



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR ALFRED P. RYDER, K.C.B.

the question of their being allowed to purchase bait has been regarded as an important point in the diplomatic negotiations.

A special general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund was held in the large room of the Zoological Society on May 9 to pass the articles of association; and in the evening of the same day Miss Amelia B. Edwards gave a lecture, illustrated with lime-light views, on M. Naville's discoveries at Bubastis.

The Exposition des Lauréats de France promises to bring under the eyes of Englishmen a number of those pictures and sculptures which mark the differences between English and French art more strongly than the works selected by the managers of our private exhibitions. The enterprise has received the approval and support of the French Government and of the Paris Municipality, and, to judge from the number of works already arrived, it may be inferred that French artists are anxious to make the exhibition a success. The building selected is St. Stephen's Hall—not inside the Houses of Parliament, but adjoining the Westminster Aquarium—and the exhibition will be formally opened on Wednesday, May 16, in the presence of delegates from the Ministries of Commerce and the Fine-Arts, and other functionaries.

## THE HUNGARIAN HONVED.

The composition and organisation of the ordinary military forces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire have been explained in previous accounts. The Hungarian Landwehr, or Militia, is called the Honved, which was the ancient name of the army of the Kingdom of Hungary before the political events of 1848. It now forms a separate force, carrying standards and wearing emblems of the old Hungarian national colours, and in time of peace is under the sole orders of the military authorities of the Kingdom of Hungary, its Commander-in-Chief being connected with the Hungarian Ministry of National Defence. In time of war, it is under the supreme command of the Emperor, as King of Hungary; but it cannot, without the authority of the Hungarian Reichstag, be employed beyond the frontiers of Hungary. It consists—first, of men under thirty-two years of age who have not served in the active army; secondly, of men who have served in the active army and the reserve; and thirdly, men who have exhausted their liability to serve, but who volunteer. The force comprises the Royal Guard of sixty officers and men, ninety-two battalions of infantry, thirty-two reserve battalions of infantry, and forty squadrons of cavalry. The battalion has a war strength of 976 officers and men. The total effective of the Honved is 121,786 officers and men; and the reserve includes a further force of 40,000 men.

The whole of the youth of Hungary liable to military service, not enrolled in the regular army, therefore undergo training for the Honved; and the arrangements for this training are very complete. Each of the ninety-two battalion cadres of Honved infantry must always keep one company actually on foot, but the strength of the companies may be increased or lessened, according to local conditions. For the instruction of Honved officers adopting the military profession, there is the Ludovika Academy, at Buda-Pesth, with its three Divisions; and there are separate cadet-schools of four classes; also, a course of one year's higher instruction for officers on furlough, and facilities of qualifying for superior appointments in the service.

A Honved infantry battalion, called out for active service, comprises four companies of field strength and one dépôt company. The battalions form altogether twenty-eight acting brigades, each of which has its permanent staff maintained in time of peace. The Honved cavalry regiment, likewise, consists of four field-squadrons and one dépôt-squadron; and the brigade staff of cavalry is always kept up. There is a central school of cavalry instruction specially for the Honved cavalry. Besides the infantry and cavalry, the Royal Honved Guards, and the King's Honved body-guard, the Honved army includes the artillery, and the sanitary or hospital corps. The general command is divided into seven districts, each of which has its appointed commander.

Our Illustrations represent the parade and the field uniforms of the various Honved troops and their officers, with the changes for summer and winter. The infantry uniform is a dark blue "Attila" jacket, with red lace and epaulettes and yellow buttons; bright blue trousers with red stripes; a red shako, and black leather knapsack and belt. The Hussar uniform is a furred Attila, dark blue, with white facings and red lace, a dark brown mantle, red trousers, and a red shako surmounted by a white hair plume.



CATCHING BAIT IN CALAIS HARBOUR.



1. Royal Crown Guards, gala uniform.  
2. Royal Body-guard.  
3. Sapper, field equipment.  
4. Artilleryman. 5. Hospital Corps.  
6. Uhlan, parade uniform.

7. Hussar Non-commissioned Officer, parade uniform.  
8. Uhlan, field equipment.  
9. Hussar Trooper, field equipment.  
10. Officer, in winter "Attila" furred jacket.

11. Hussar in cloak. 12. Officer in service jacket.  
13. Infantry, full campaign equipment.  
14. Infantry, lightly equipped for skirmishing.  
15. Infantry Officer, acting in command (light field equipment).

16. Winter parade uniform of Infantry.  
17. Officer of Infantry (parade).  
18. Infantry Officer in overcoat (field attire).  
19. Non-commissioned Officer (parade uniform, summer).

## ARCADIA.

It happened to the poet Cowley—what happens to so few of us—that, in his later life, he was able to realise a long-cherished ideal. In his essay "On Greatness" he had expressed a wish for "a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast." The house was to be of brick, "with decent wainscot and pretty forest-work hangings," and to be surrounded by "herb and flower and fruit gardens." O fortunate man! The destiny which presides over human affairs gave him all these; and yet there was something wanting. The Arcadia he had dreamed of came to him on the bank of the shining Thames; but its shepherds and shepherdesses were ill-replaced by the rough lads and lasses of Surrey. So, in his charming essay "On the Dangers of an Honest Man in Much Company," he makes confession: "I thought when I first went to dwell in the country that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old-fashioned poetical Golden Age. I thought to have found no inhabitants there but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur D'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the nun of Chertsey; but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly by infallible demonstrations that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest." This pathetic experience should be a warning to Arcadia-makers to confine their ideals within the limits of the reasonable. Cowley might not unnaturally expect to find at Chertsey a fair Arcadian landscape, with groves and streams, and dells and "boskages"; but he could not hope, or he had no right to hope, to find it peopled with "golden lads and lasses." In his Surrey Arcadia he found men and women with much the same vices and virtues as those he had left behind him in London: the men not less honest, and probably much more truthful, than the gallants and wits who aired their graces in Charles II's Court; and the women, assuredly as virtuous as the nymphs whom Lely painted with so voluptuous a brush. The moral, then, is, that if dreamers persist in dreaming impracticable dreams, they have no just ground of complaint if their dreams be not exactly fulfilled. No sane-minded man wishes to exclude himself wholly from the society of his kind, even in Arcadia! (when Childe Harold breathed his large desire for "the desert" as his "dwelling-place," he was careful to add—"with one fair spirit for my minister")—and he must be prepared, therefore, even though he be a philosopher and a poet, to meet with the ordinary failings of humanity, especially as he is sure to take there his own! What right had Cowley to be so fastidious? If everyday humanity be good enough for the world at large, why should it not have been good enough for him?

Still, we will not permit ourselves other than a sorrowful smile at Cowley's mistake; for it is certain that none of us shape out our Arcadias without introducing into them some incongruous element, or some impossible feature. Even Sir Philip Sidney could not create that fairy realm of his—where the shepherd boy is to this day "piping" as if he would never grow old"—as, indeed, he never will!—without dashing across the purple light of his pictures some lurid shades. In Spenser's ideal world, with its laughing streams and flowery glades, the pilgrim comes upon treacherous enchanters, false Duessas, recreant knights, light-of-love ladies, and other unseemly figures, which speak of the realities of life, and its lusts and temptations. There is a profound wisdom in Shakspeare's introduction of Caliban, the monster, into the haunted recesses of Miranda's island: it teaches us that the harmony of our

intellectual conceptions cannot, man being what he is, elude its clashing dissonances and discords. But this is no reason why we should not go on creating Arcadias. Let them be as incongruous, as impossible as we will, they furnish us with an outlet for our higher and better thoughts; they represent our consciousness of something purer, and rarer, and more beautiful than exists in "the various bustle of resort," in the market-places and exchanges of the world. It is surely a proof of man's immortal nature that he seeks and finds these methods of escaping from himself, from the conventionalities and commonplaces with which society oppresses "the thought within him." The search after the Earthly Paradise, the quest of the San Greal, even the legend of El Dorado, of the City of Gold, are, like the mythic Arcady, but so many attempts at expressing the vague aspiration of the soul; its desire to rise, like the lark, to heaven's gate; its sense of powers and capacities which circumstance forbids it to expand; so that, like the marigold at sunset, it "droops and closes up its leaves" when the chill darkness of a sordid worldliness falls upon it.

For myself, I care not what a man's Arcadia may be, provided, of course, that it is *really* an Arcadia—an ideal, a conception of something which responds to the soul's images of beauty and grandeur, of innocence and truth. It may be as spacious a one as the People's Palace of Delight, or one so bewildering in its pregnant significance as Imperial Federation, or one so consolatory as a Commonwealth purged of ignorance, of poverty, and crime. These are the Arcadias of noble minds—sometimes touched, perhaps, with an air of unreality, like poor Cowley's dream of a Golden Age—but opening up to men the most exquisite sources of refinement, as well as infinite possibilities of attaining ends and objects for the welfare of humanity. Then there are the poet's and the painter's Arcadias—the one glowing in colour on the rich canvas of a Turner, the other embodied in the lofty verse of a "Comus" or an "Idyll of the King." Smaller men must have their Arcadias also; and if these be narrow indeed when compared with the Arcadias of the master spirits, they will, at all events, be ever so much broader and higher than the cribbed, cabined, and confined spaces of their daily lives. But a man without an Arcadia, without an ideal—Heavens! how dull, how coarse, how unutterably mean must be his existence! "Getting and spending," or "toiling and moiling," make up for such the mystery of this unintelligible life. He has no dreams of anything beyond; neither of the River of Light, which waters the Enchanted Land, nor of the serene heights where flash the wings of the hosts of Heaven, nor of that supreme region (as in Dante's "Paradise") where the rose perennial "in a circle spreads so far, That the circumference were too loose a zone To girdle in the sun"—a rose of eternal radiance. I think we can do no more excellent or charitable a work than to multiply Arcadias! Suggestions for them lie all around us—Arcadias intellectual, Arcadias spiritual, Arcadias moral, in which the weary, overstrained heart may find rest and repose! These are the Arcadias created by the genius of the romancist and the poet: such as that where "the heavenly Una with her snow-white lamb," wanders through everlasting scenes of beauty; or that where Imogen proves the secret constancy of wedded love; or that where Don Quixote revives the fine spirit of the old chivalry; or that where the child-hand of little Eppie leads Silas Marner out of darkness into light! Again, with the help of our benignant English nature we may make green Arcadias of "cool streams and wells, Arbours o'ergrown with wood-bines, caves and dells"; Arcadias where the flowers never fade, and the birds never tire; Arcadias where the bloom and breath of hawthorn, and the blush of the wild rose, and the freshness of moss and fern

shall never be wanting. We, unlike Cowley, may never realise our ideals; but we shall have the enjoyment and the inspiration of them, without limit or impediment. Nay, in these Arcadias, we may, if we will, revive the Golden Age, restore the melodies of Pan, and the dances of shepherds and shepherdesses, and the great presence of the elder gods—for the region of the Ideal is as boundless as the scope and range of the imagination. These Arcadias, moreover, lie ever open to us: we can in a moment transport ourselves from the dust and din of the work-a-day world into your pure and blest retreats, O happy Arcadia!

But best and brightest of all human ideals is that Arcadia in which the mind conceives the possibility of so building up the House of Faith in the light of Christ's word and life, as that they who now stand aloof may be brought within its shining walls and under its celestial domes; that Arcadia in which we dream of the golden age when the brotherhood of man shall be consummated, and the individual selfishness disappear in the universal well-being; that Arcadia of work and thought for the eternal advantage of the race which has been the hope, the aim, and the consolation of men so diverse as Maurice and Robertson, Keble and Newman, Spencer and Arnold and Kingsley: that Arcadia which, if but an ideal now—a dream, a vision—will, we believe and know, in the fullness of Time, be gloriously perfected.

The foundations for the main buildings of the Imperial Institute being completed, the organising committee invite tenders for the erection of the superstructure.

A handsome memorial tablet has been placed in the north transept of Chester Cathedral to the memory of the late Randolph Caldecott. The memorial has been subscribed for by past and present scholars of Chester King's School.

Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P., presides at a special festival dinner, to take place to-day, May 12, at the Hôtel Métropole, in aid of a scheme for the extension and consolidation of St. Mary's Hospital, London.

Sir George Owens, formerly Lord Mayor and High Sheriff of Dublin, has been presented with a testimonial plate and a cheque for £1000 in recognition of his having completed fifty years of public life.

Under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, a meeting was held at Grosvenor House, on May 5, of those who have taken part in the movement for establishing a Church House in London as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee. It was announced that £50,000 had been subscribed towards the scheme, and a resolution was arrived at to purchase a site in Dean's-yard, and to proceed with building operations as the leases fell in.

In London 2650 births and 1429 deaths were registered for the week ending May 5. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 208, and the deaths 236, below the average in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 14 from measles, 23 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, 87 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 11 from enteric fever, 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 313 in the preceding week, further declined last week to 287. Different forms of violence caused 39 deaths; 35 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 13 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered, being 3 below the corrected average.

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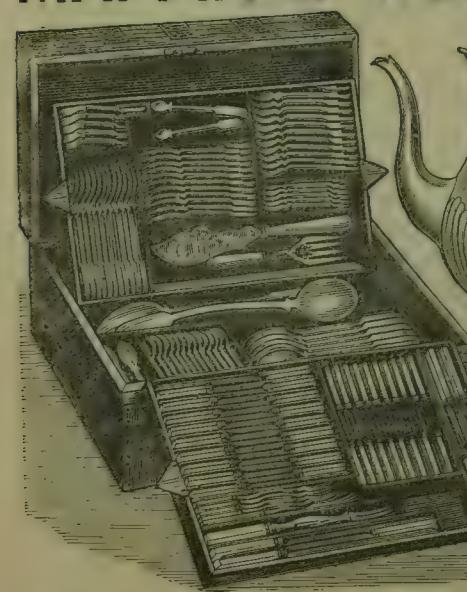
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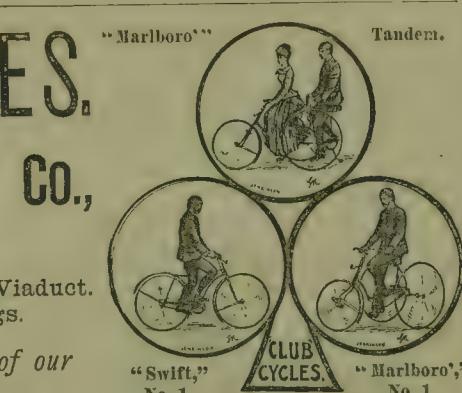
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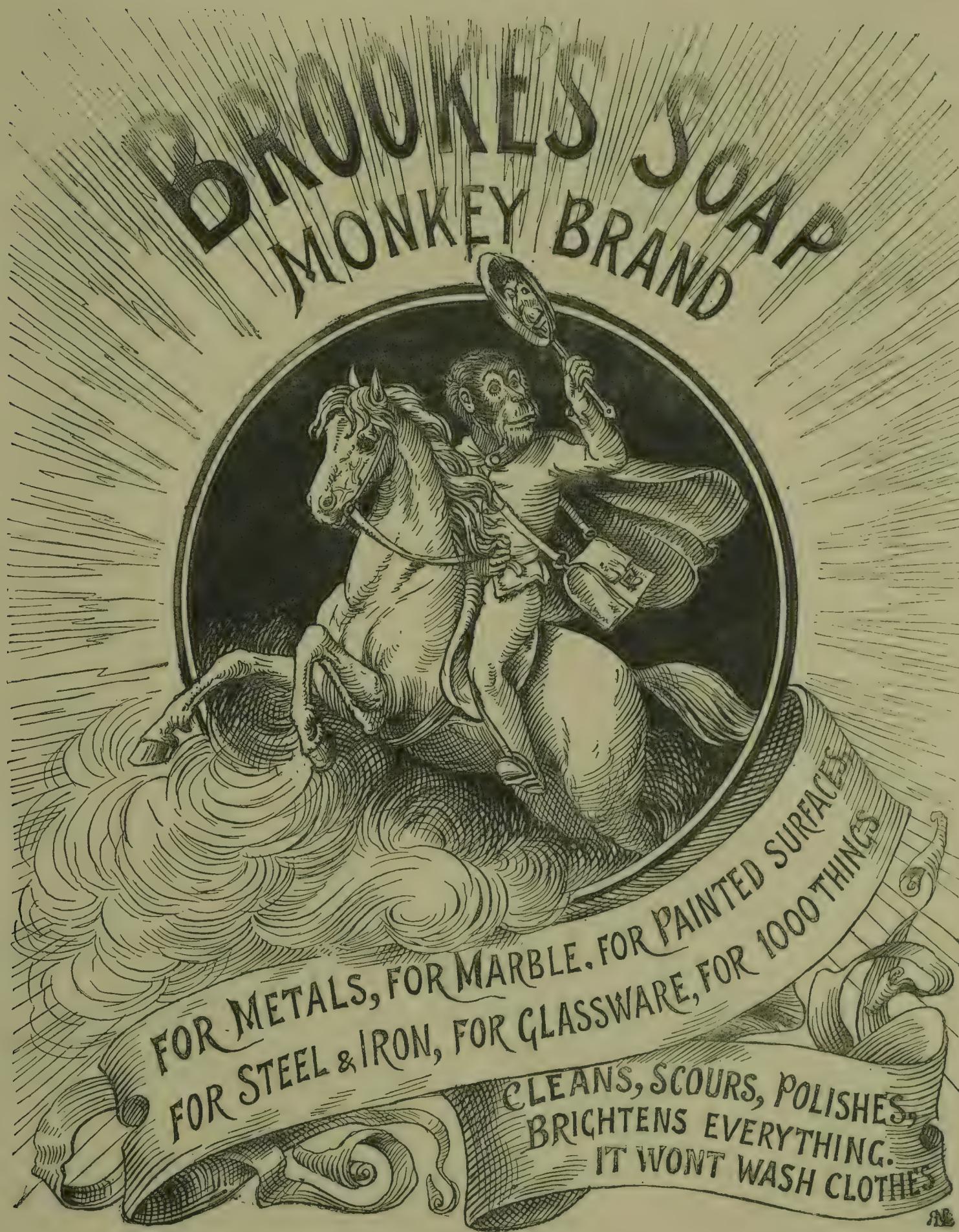
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## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

### CHAPTER XX.

"Eagerly once her gracious ken  
Was turned upon the sons of men;  
But light the serious visage grew—  
She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Yet show her once, ye Heavenly Powers,  
One of some worthier race than ours!  
One for whose sake she once might prove  
How deeply she who scorns can love.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"And she to him will reach her hand,  
And gazing in his eyes will stand,  
And know her friend, and weep for glee,  
And cry: *Long, long I've looked for thee!*"

There was much business to be got through on the following morning; and we were rather glad to have the women-folk taken off our hands by Colonel Cameron, who volunteered to escort them on an exploration of the antiquities of Gloucester. They wanted to find out the beautiful old house in Westgate-street which is well known to artists and architects. They wanted to visit the ruins of Llanthony Priory—probably with some vague idea that this was Landor's Llanthony. They wanted to see the great Cathedral and its monuments: perhaps, Queen Tita wistfully suggested, the choir might be singing. And so we beheld them go away; and blessed them; and betook ourselves to the offices of the Gloucester and Berkeley Ship Canal.

Here we were received with much courtesy; and as a result of our inquiries we resolved not to attempt the navigation of the Stroudwater and Thames and Severn canals, but to go down the Severn to Bristol. The fact is, we had all the way through had a kind of sneaking wish to make this attempt, even supposing the other route were practicable; and

*Through this whirling and changing world of showers and flying clouds and sunlight.*

we rather wished to be persuaded that it was Bristol we ought to make for. Accordingly we were furnished with letters of introduction to the authorities at Sharpness Point, who would advise us as to the best means of getting through the open waters; and being so equipped we had now but to bring the Nameless Barge along to the commodious basin, where were lying ships and steamers of every description and size. Captain Columbus performed this office with his usual business-like self-confidence; but Murdoch looked a little bit shy as the toy-boat came along. Beside these massive hulks—in the midst of all this bustle and activity—there is no doubt the Nameless Barge had the appearance of having been brought out of the window of a fancy repository. And so the idlers about seemed to think. They crowded down to the berth which we secured for her; and stared, and examined, and discussed. No such craft had ever been in this place before, we were pretty sure of that. But then Murdoch had adroitly drawn together the small red curtains of the windows on the landward side; and so, when Mrs. Threepenny-bit and her young American friend at length appeared, they escaped with ease from the curiosity of these good people into the security of the saloon, where they remained while we were getting the boat slowly and miscellaneous rowed and pushed and pulled past the great overowering vessels, to reach the mouth of the canal.

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What kind of a day was it when we started? Well, it was the kind of a day that keeps weather prophets, of a prudent turn, quiet. We might have rejoiced in this burning and brilliant sunlight that shone on the wide and riverlike waters, on the winding pathway, and the hedges and woods and slopes; but that all of these things derived much of their extraordinary vividness from the fact that behind them, in the south, were heavy masses of purple-black storm-cloud, forming an admirable but ominous background. We affected to ignore that louring distance. Here around us everything was perfect; the air summerlike and sweet; the smooth water mirroring the blue and white of the overhead sky; the sunlight warm on Peggy's golden-brown hair. Moreover, there seemed to prevail a certain sensation of freedom and largeness as we got further and further along. This canal was of much greater size than those to which we had been accustomed; and the craft we encountered were not the ordinary, long, slow-moving, silent boats, but sea-going vessels of all kinds, with life and briskness everywhere visible. Quite imposing was one stately procession of three brigantines, two schooners, a sloop, and two picturesquely-laden barges that glided quietly by, headed by a noisy little steamer. Indeed, as nearly all the traffic on this ship-canal is governed by steam-power, we had almost a monopoly of the tow-path, and so got along without trouble.

Mr. Jack Duncombe seemed very well pleased to be back among us; and was gay and talkative; his facetiousness chiefly taking the form of magnifying the possible dangers of that trip down the open Severn to which we were now definitely pledged. Perhaps he meant to show that this part of the expedition was as important as the passage of the tunnels, which he had missed; perhaps he was so sure of the seaworthiness of the boat that he could afford to scoff; but in any case he entirely failed to terrify his hostess—if that was his aim.

"Oh, no," said she, with decision, "whatever may happen to the rest of you, Peggy and I will be safe. I am not going to take the opinion of any of you gentlemen; I am going to take the opinion of a professional seaman; I am going to ask Murdoch whether we should make the venture. And if he is in any way doubtful, then there is the landau for Peggy and me; and you may as well keep an eye on us as we are driving along the road, for when we see you sinking we should like to wave a handkerchief, by way of good-bye. It isn't for myself," she continues placidly, "that I care so much; but I am responsible for Peggy. The United States might do something awful to me if she was drowned while under my charge. They might summon me to the bar of the House of Representatives—I suppose they have a bar!"

"Trust them!" said Jack Duncombe, but we didn't know what he meant.

"Then they'll say, 'Where is Margaret Rosslyn?' 'My lords and gentlemen'—I suppose this is what I shall have to say—'please, she went down in a stupid old house-boat that tried to get along the Severn.' 'Away with her to the dungeons'—that's what they'll say to me—and feed her on iced water and canvas-back duck that haven't been cooked.' Oh, no; I'm not going to run any such risk. I will take Murdoch's opinion; and if he is at all doubtful, then it's a laudau for Peggy and me—and we'll watch you from a convenient distance."

At this moment Miss Peggy came out into the sunlight; she had been adorning the saloon with the flowers that had done duty on the dinner-table at the hotel the night before. Moreover, she had made bold to appropriate to herself a few white hyacinths; and the little bouquet looked very well on her dress of dark blue serge.

"Come here, you American girl," Queen Tita says to her, and takes hold of her by the arm, and makes room for her by her side; "do you know that I am responsible for your safety?—and now that these people have determined to go down the Severn in this cockle-shell of a thing, the question is whether I am going to allow you to remain on board."

"I thought that was all settled!" observes Miss Peggy, rather appealing to Colonel Cameron.

"It is not all settled," Mrs. Threepenny-bit makes answer. "I will not permit of any foolhardiness; and unless I can be assured that there is not the slightest danger, you and I will put ourselves into a carriage and get down to Bristol on good solid land. And I am not going to take any vague assurances; I am going to have a professional opinion; I am going to consult Murdoch."

"Oh, Murdoch?" says Miss Peggy, quickly.

"Yes; although he is a steward, he has been a sailor, too, all his life; and unless he thinks we may safely run the risk, then ashore we go."

"Oh, yes—very well—I agree to that," remarks Miss Peggy—and why should she again glance towards Sir Ewen Cameron—this time with a kind of smile in her eyes? "I will hold myself bound by Murdoch's opinion—certainly."

"Why, Miss Rosslyn," Inverfask interposes, with a touch of reproach, "you promised to stay by the ship!"

"But I am not going to allow her to run into any danger," Queen Tita says in her peremptory fashion. "I have got to restore her safe and sound to the United States—and much good may they get out of such a piece of baggage!"

So on this brilliant and shining day (for we would rather not look at that black wall of cloud in the south) we got on by Rea Bridge and Quedgley and Hardwicke even unto Westminster, where is the junction with the Stroudwater Canal. But we did not stay to make inquiries as to the practicability of getting back to the Thames by this route; we had signed our articles, as it were, and were bound for Bristol; the allurements of the Avon and the Kennet, among other considerations, had proved too potent. So we continued our placid voyage; and so fair and shining and beautiful was the country around us that we pretended not to know that a breeze had sprung up, and that those mighty masses of purple cloud were advancing, heralded by a few rags and shreds of silvery white.

The storm burst while we were all inside and leisurely seated at lunch. It had been growing darker and darker for some time before; but we had hardly noticed it; for we were listening to Jack Duncombe's recital of his experiences on the production of his one and only piece, and our imaginations were away in the region of the lamp-lit Strand. But all of a sudden there was a sound that recalled us to our actual surroundings—a smart rattle as of buckshot on the forward window; and then we became aware that the world without was steeped in an unusual and mysterious gloom. The next moment the tempest broke upon us with a roar—a continuous thunder of rain and hail and ice that battered on the roof, and hurled itself against the windows with an appalling fury. We could guess that the sudden gale was tearing the water around us into a white smoke; but we could see nothing; for the panes were steaming with the half-melted ice and hail-stones. Then, in the midst of all this bewilderment of noise, there was a sharper crack—as if a pistol had been fired just outside.

"Why, what's that?" cried Jack Duncombe, jumping up and making forward.

"Here, don't open that window!" one had to call to him. "Do you want to swamp the whole place? Leave the hurricane alone; it isn't meddling with you."

But what was this now? The Nameless Barge was going

more slowly. Then it touched something—gently. Then it stopped altogether.

"I know what it is!" said that young man, triumphantly. "The tow-rope has broken, and Murdoch has run the boat alongside the bank."

This seemed probable enough; but it was no reason why Queen Tita should exclaim "How provoking!" and one was called upon to rebuke that infinitesimal creature for her unreasonable impatience.

"Go on with your lunch," one says to her, "and be quiet, and leave Murdoch and Captain Columbus to patch up the rope between them. 'How provoking,' indeed! Don't you know that we have a Philosopher on board this boat? If you would only listen to her teaching, she would show you that, instead of grumbling over the tow-rope breaking now for the first time, you should be filled with joy because it did not break before. Don't you remember the solemn warning — gave us before we started? 'You are going to certain misery,' he said, 'if you propose to tow a house-boat all over England; for the tow-rope will be continually breaking, and the driver continually getting drunk.' What has happened? The driver has never got drunk at all—the tow-rope now breaks for the first time. If you had any wisdom in you—if you would only listen to the teaching of the great Philosopher whom we have engaged for this voyage—you would rather rejoice that we had come all this way without any such mishap."

"And who is the Philosopher?" she demands.

"Me," says Peggy, abasing herself in bad grammar.

"And who authorised you to interfere with the affairs of this boat?"

"Please, I never did anything of the kind!"

"Ah, it's just like him to trump up charges against innocent people. Mr. Duncombe, don't you trouble; the men will make everything right. Come back to your place; we all want to hear how the battle-royal ended between you and the hysterical mamma."

Well, the storm—or prolonged squall, rather—after bellowing about our ears as if it meant to blow us out of the water, ceased about as suddenly as it had begun; there was a burst of warm sunlight all around, insomuch that the forward window was thrown open, letting the mild, sweet air blow freely in; and presently we became aware, from the motion of the boat, that the people on the bank had got the line mended and were again moving forward. We finished our luncheon in peace; and Jack Duncombe came to an end of his adventures on that fatal night at the theatre.

When we went outside, we found a most tempestuous-looking scene around us. Far away in the west the Monmouthshire hills were still steeped in a sombre gloom; but the hills in the east were swept by flying rain-clouds, followed by bursts of sunlight that produced a rainbow on the soft grey background. And if the colours of the landscape had been vivid before, they were now keener than ever in this dazzling radiance, the very sedges and willows beside us were all shimmering in the silvery wet. There was a brisk breeze blowing, too—a stimulating sort of breeze, that seemed to suggest our fighting our way against it—as, indeed, we very soon were. For we found that the tow-path here offered excellent walking; so we all got ashore; Jack Duncombe and Queen Tita leading the way—through this whirling and changing world of showers and flying clouds and sunlight.

"Colonel Cameron," said Miss Peggy, with a certain demure air, "didn't you say that the Highlanders were so courteous that usually they would try to answer you as they thought you wanted to be answered?"

"They have a tendency that way—and I don't blame them. Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because I don't think we shall have any need of a landau to-morrow."

"I—I don't quite understand," said he.

"Didn't you say there should be no deserters from the ship—when we go down to Bristol?" she asked, still with her eyes on the ground.

"Well, it would be a pity, wouldn't it?" he answered her. "Why not see the thing through? You are not afraid, I know; and I understood you to say you meant to keep by the boat. Oh, yes; I distinctly think we should hang together!"

"Don't you mean drown together?" she asked meekly.

"If it comes to that, yes. My own opinion is that there won't be the slightest danger of any kind."

"But you belong to the army; whereas it is a naval expert who is to be called in," Miss Peggy continued. "And—and I thought you looked a little surprised to-day when I consented to abide by his judgment. Then you had forgotten what you told me about the Highlanders?"

And still this tall, long-striding, sandy-moustached Colonel didn't perceive what she was driving at.

"I think I know what Murdoch's opinion will be," she observed modestly.

And then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Excellent, excellent! You are going to tell him beforehand that you are anxious to remain in the boat; and then you will ask him whether you should or not? Very skilful—very ingenious!"

"Do you think so?" interposed the fifth of these pedestrians (all of them struggling forward against this fresh-blown wind). "We will see about that. If there is to be a court of inquiry, there shall be no subornation of witnesses. Murdoch—if he is consulted at all, which is extremely improbable—will be asked to give a perfectly free and unbiased judgment."

"Murdoch is a friend of mine," she said darkly; and that ended the matter for the moment.

Presently Queen Tita called aloud—

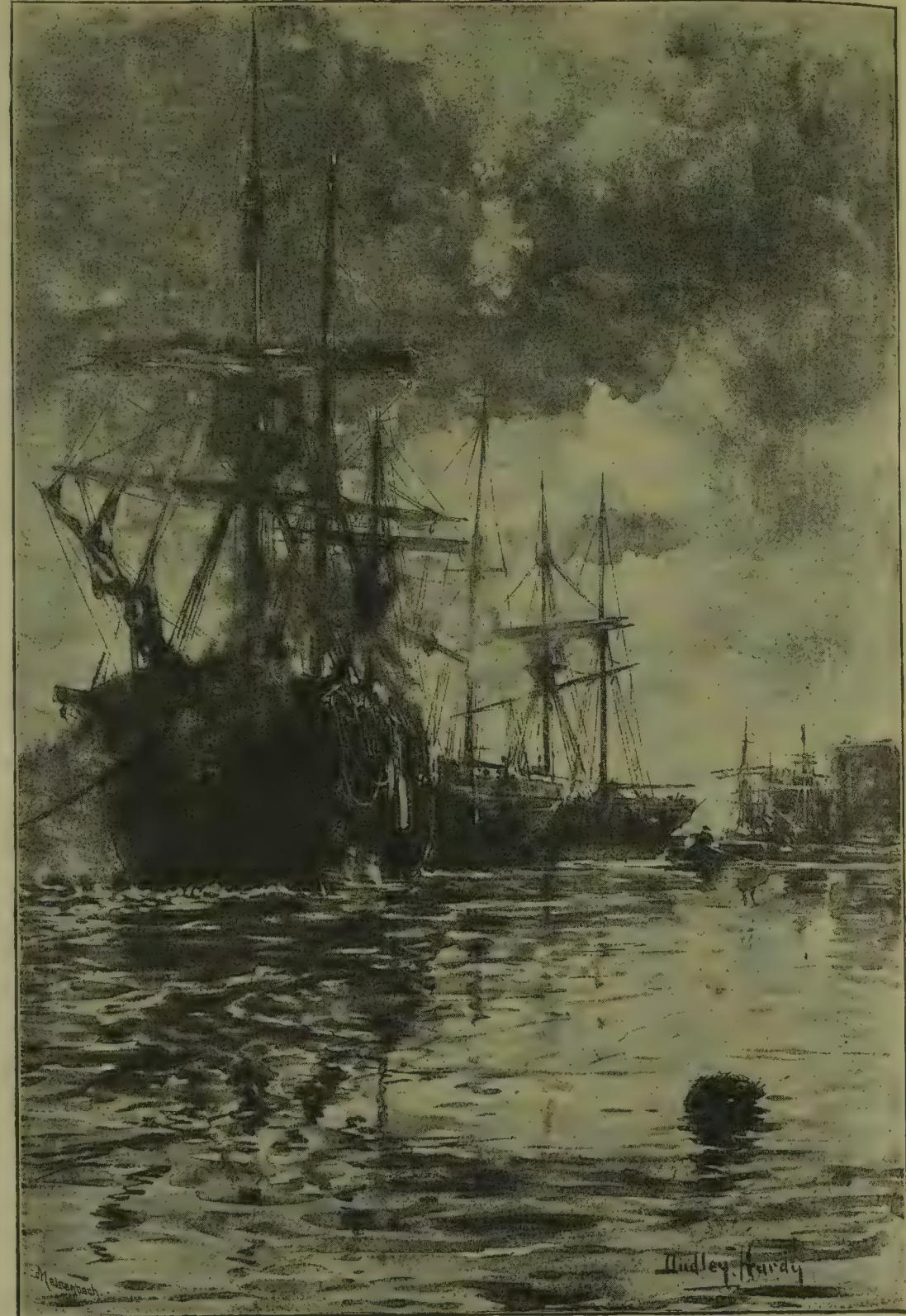
"Peggy, come along! Here is something for you."

These two ahead had come to a halt at a corner of the winding tow-path; and when we overtook them we perceived the reason why. In the great valley now opening before them lay the wide bed of the Severn river—here and there showing long banks of yellow sand, and here and there narrower channels of lapping water of similar hue. Which was the main body of the stream we could hardly make out—water and sand seemed in many places to lose themselves in each other.

"Well?" said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "doesn't it remind you?"

"Of what?" asked Miss Peggy.

"Why, of the Missouri at Council Bluffs!" she exclaimed. "I thought you would see the likeness at once—those great mud-banks and the yellow water. I thought your loyal heart would leap up—that we should see tears of gladness in your eyes!"



Sea-going vessels of all kinds, with life and briskness everywhere.

"But I never saw the Missouri anywhere," remarked Miss Peggy, innocently.

"What!—you never were at Omaha?"

"No, never."

"Well, you are a pretty American!"

"Yes; that's just what she is," one ventured to observe, merely by way of defending the poor thing.

"A pretty American you are! Never saw the Missouri! I wonder if you ever heard of the Capitol at Washington?"

"As for that," rejoined Miss Peggy, "I know of somebody who has lived all her life in England, and never went to Stratford-on-Avon till the year before last."

"I consider you a very impudent young person," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with much dignity; and therewith she turned to her former companion, and they resumed their walk and talk.

But what was of more importance than any fancied likeness to the Missouri was the question whether that great extent of sand and yellow water gave us any indication of what we might expect further down; for, in that case, there seemed to be little to cause serious apprehension. Even with this brisk breeze blowing up against the stream, there was nothing of a sea on; and, as far as we could judge, the worst that might happen to us would be our grounding on a sandbank, which would be annoying enough, but not necessarily dangerous. The steersman of the steam-launch would know the proper channel; and what could be simpler than to follow submissively in his wake? So we comforted ourselves; and Miss Peggy assured Colonel Cameron—there seemed to be an excellent understanding between these two—that she would easily manage Murdoch.

When at length we got down to Sharpness Docks we did not go into any of the great basins, but remained in one of the connecting water-ways, where we found a snug berth, and where there was a chain ferry-boat, by which we could cross to the other side when we wished. We left the women-folk to make themselves beautiful for dinner, and set out to prosecute inquiries. The evening was more placid now, and though there was still a stormy look about the western skies, we still hoped for a quiet day for our adventure of the morrow.

We very soon found, however, that the task of obtaining information was no easy one. For one thing, the Sharpness Docks extend over a wide area; and while it was next to impossible to explain to the people what nondescript kind of craft this was that we had brought along, we could not encroach on their good-nature by asking them to leave their homes or duties to come and look at it—not that night, at least. But on one point we had absolute assurance: there was no steam-launch here available. There had been one quite recently; but it had left. Might there be one over at Lydney? Perhaps. If the worst came to the worst, we could telegraph to Bristol to have one sent up? Certainly. What would that cost? No one knew. They seemed to think it



rather an insensate thing that we should have come hither with a boat that had neither steam nor sails, and that couldn't even be rowed; but our chief consideration was that we were here; and had no sort of intention of going back. When we returned to the Nameless Barge with our report (it was half-past eight by this time; the saloon was all lit up; and dinner waiting) Miss Peggy promptly said—

"But supposing you can't get any steam-launch, why shouldn't the boat be allowed to float down with the stream? I suppose she would hit upon the sand-banks here or there, but you could shove her off, and she would make her way herself. Isn't that practicable?"

"Oh, yes," responded Jack Duncombe, at once. "It is quite practicable. And it would be a gay performance at first, to go waltzing along like that. But it would be rather awkward lower down. Do you know that the Severn is about six miles wide down there? I dare say if we bobbed about for a month or two, we should eventually get blown into the mouth of the Avon."

"What do you say, Mr. Duncombe?" cried Queen Tita. "Six miles wide? Why, it's the open sea! And we are going out into it in a thing like *this*?"

"But think of the heroism of it!" said he. "Why, they will put up a statue to you in Bristol, as the first person who ever went down the Severn in a wooden shanty."

"The wooden shanty," said she, solemnly, "will take the form of a carriage on four wheels; and it will go along a sound, respectable, Christian highway. What do you say, Peggy?"

Miss Peggy glanced towards Colonel Cameron—who also was regarding her; but the entrance of Murdoch relieved her from the necessity of answering, and presently dinner was going forward.

And again this evening the young gentleman who had just returned to us maintained that extraordinary vivacity which was in such marked contrast to the dolorous mood in which he had left us. Nay, he was nearly incurring his hostess's displeasure by his recklessness; for she, having remarked that it would be an interesting thing to know from people which historical character they most admired—or would themselves have chosen to be—he said instantly:

"I know who I should like to have been—the Earl of Rochester."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh," said he, carelessly, "he had a merry time of it—he was drunk for five years at a stretch."

"Colonel Cameron," said she, with severe reserve, "I hope you will choose some respectable person."

"I? Well, I really don't know," Sir Ewen made answer. "I've always had a great admiration for the old Scandinavian warrior who was quite willing to be converted to Christianity until he happened to ask where his forefathers were: you know the story."

"But I don't," said Miss Peggy, in her usual prompt way.

"When the Bishop told him his forefathers were in hell, he immediately drew back from the font: where his forefathers were, there he would go. I forget the precise words; but it was rather a fine speech—don't you think so?"

The Chief Inquisitor turned to Miss Peggy.

"You, Peggy?"

The answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"I should like to have been Flora Macdonald," she said.

"But wait a bit, Miss Rosslyn," Jack Duncombe interposed. "Are you quite sure you can call Flora Macdonald an historical character?"

"Certainly," Colonel Cameron answered for her. "Undoubtedly. Miss Macdonald was flung into the Tower. Now, it is only historical characters that are 'flung' anywhere. Unmistakably she was a historical character."

"It is so strange to hear you speak of her as Miss Macdonald," said Miss Peggy, thoughtfully—though she did not quite perceive how this little peculiarity should have impressed her.

Now, it was not to this chance mention of Flora Macdonald, nor yet to any resuscitation of Jack Duncombe's Alfieri project, that we owed the reintroduction of the subject of Prince Charles Edward—which had already played so important a part in the conduct of this expedition. Biscuits was the much more prosaic cause. Mrs. Threepenny-bit, in her capacity of universal provider, had purchased for us some tins of oatmeal biscuits, for which she has a particular fancy; and when one of those was now produced and opened, there was some promiscuous talk about the qualities of oatmeal in general, which Mr. Duncombe seemed to regard as a merry topic. Inverfask, on the other hand, was saying that, if it were true that oatmeal was a non-fattening, bone-producing form of food, then it was strange that Prince Charlie, who must have lived on little else during most of his wanderings in the Highlands, should have thriven so well on it that when he escaped over to France his own brother hardly recognised him, so stout had he grown. So here we were back at the Young Chevalier again; and forthwith Mrs. Threepenny-bit said—with inadvertent encouragement—

"He was quite a slim young man when he landed in Scotland, wasn't he?"

"Yes, tall and slim, but with a wiry and muscular figure, and with a most princely carriage—I think that must have helped him greatly in winning over those poor Highlanders to his cause. And then," he continued (for was he not well aware of Miss Peggy's romantic interest in these matters?), "he had left nothing undone to fit him for the part he was to play. He did not want to come amongst the clansmen as a foreign Prince; he tried hard to make himself a Highlander; even before he landed he had trained himself in their athletic sports—the use of the broadsword as well; and then, when he was amongst them, he was indefatigable in interesting himself in their ways and family histories and traditions—and in picking up any old custom!"

"There was one of their old customs he managed to pick up," Jack Duncombe said, with a laugh; "he was a powerful potationist."

"Drinking was common among the gentlemen of the time," Cameron said briefly; "and there may have been an occasional bout or two—magnified afterwards by the people who took part in it. But Charles Edward was by nature and habit notoriously an abstemious young man. Why, do you think a person given to drink could have gone through such physical fatigue and endured such privations as he had to encounter? When he was marching with his troops into England—on foot, as he always was, at the head of this or that regiment—talking to the men, and cheering them on—they weren't very sorry when something happened to his shoe, for then they got the pace moderated a little. Look at his endurance among the hills," Sir Ewen went on. "For nearly a whole week he lived on a quarter of a peck of oatmeal; and all the while sleeping in holes or caves, on the bare rock frequently. The whole party were actually starving when they chanced on the Glenmoriston men; and they brought the Glenmoriston men near to starvation too—until they managed to shoot a stag, and that they had to eat without bread or salt. I wonder if any King's son ever before had to suffer such hard discipline; very likely it may have been the plain living and the constant exercise that made him look so stout and well when he returned to France."

"Almost thou persuadest me that he was rather a fine fellow," Jack Duncombe said, quite good-humouredly. "But you can't get over the last years of his life."

"The last years of his life?" Colonel Cameron repeated. "Well, I know the story. And I don't like to recall it. They say that his miseries and disappointments had turned his brain. Long before he went to Florence his conduct had become quite inexplicable: people couldn't even find out where he was. But surely, when a man's life-history is so far away from us as that, it is kinder and wiser to think of him at his best!"

"Oh, surely—surely!" said Queen Tita—for that furious mite of a partisan had been listening in rather a breathless way.

"It is not a great piece of charity to extend to anyone," Sir Ewen continued—he knew these women-folk were on his side. "And at his best young Charles Stuart was a brave and gallant Prince, eager, generous, and filled with enthusiasm in what he considered a just and loyal enterprise—that was to win the Crown of England, not for himself, but for his father. Aytoun says that if the clan-system of the Highlands was doomed, it was better it should go out in a blaze of romantic splendour rather than die merely of inaction. Well, that may be so. Yet I can't help remembering that many a poor Highlander had to pay dear for that brilliant historical episode; and indeed I wish that Lochiel had taken Fassiefern's advice, and stayed away altogether, or else gone to meet the Prince with a firm and unalterable 'No.' But the thing was done; the misery and suffering are all forgotten now; and who, at this distance of time, can bear any grudge against Charles Edward, or want to think of him except in his best days? Why, we should rather be grateful to him for all the beautiful music and the pathetic songs that he called into existence. All the finer feeling of Scotland was awakened by his heroic undertaking—the poets themselves couldn't keep from joining his standard. Miss Rosslyn, did you ever hear of the 'Braves of Yarrow'?"

"Oh, yes," the young lady answered, but in a startled way—her eyes had been absent.

"I don't mean Wordsworth's poems—I mean the older ballad—'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride.' That was written by Hamilton of Bangour. Hamilton belonged to an old Ayrshire family, so that clanship feeling had nothing to do with him; a very accomplished person he was, a great favourite, and already making his way to fame; so that he had really everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by joining the Prince; but join the Prince he did. The fascination of the enterprise, I suppose, captivated his mind; I don't know that he had ever met the Prince personally; perhaps he had at Edinburgh—at the Holyrood festivals, when Bonnie Prince Charlie was winning the hearts of all the Scotch ladies!"

"Was Mr. Hamilton killed?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, no. He escaped to France, like so many more; and afterwards he was pardoned, and even got his estates back. The Government were as lenient as could fairly have been expected—though some examples had to be made. Well, I wish they had spared old Lord Balmerino," he continued, in this careless, rambling way; "he was a splendid old fellow: however, if there was anyone who didn't seem to mind, it was Balmerino himself. Then there was old Malcolm Macleod, who was guide to Prince Charlie in a great part of his wanderings: they ran no great risk in letting him off, though Malcolm was proud enough of the triumphant way in which he got back to his own country. When Miss Macdonald was set free, she was asked to choose an attendant to accompany her on her journey to the north; and she chose old Malcolm; so that he used ever after to say, 'Well, I went up to London to be hanged—and came back in a braw post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald!'"

And how did Mrs. Threepenny-bit take all this talk about these half-forgotten things; and how did she regard the keen and sympathetic interest that Miss Peggy so obviously displayed? It is to be feared that, fiercely Jacobite as she was in her sympathies, she was beginning to wish Sir Ewen Cameron back at Aldershot—although it was herself who had insisted on his being summoned hither. To defend the Young Chevalier, and to give Miss Peggy some idea of what a Highland soldier may be like, was all very well; but to capture the young lady's heart (supposing there was any such risk) as well as her imagination, was a very different matter. And again, on this evening, she gave utterance to her fears.

The occasion arose in this way. After dinner, Miss Peggy, drawing aside one of the blinds and peering out, discovered that it was a beautiful starlit night, and proposed that we should all go out for a stroll along the bank. The captain of the ship, having to enter up the log, declined. Queen Tita also refused, affecting some dread of the night air. Jack Duncombe, of course, jumped up at once, and offered to be Miss Peggy's escort—which seemed a natural and simple arrangement. But Miss Peggy hesitated. She glanced at Colonel Cameron.

"Sir Ewen," she said diffidently, "won't you come too? I am sure you will find it quite as pleasant to smoke your cigar outside."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, if I may," said he forthwith; and then she put a scarf round her head and shoulders, and these three went out of the saloon and made their way ashore in the clear dark.

The moment they had gone Queen Tita laid down the book she was pretending to read.

"Now, can you imagine anything more vexatious than the way that girl is going on!" she exclaimed—though one perhaps suspected that a good deal of her annoyance was assumed.

"You mean in asking Colonel Cameron to go out for a bit of a stroll?"

"Not at all. I mean her whole attitude towards him. And Peggy, of all people in the world! Why, she has always had a kind of scorn of men. She has always found them too pliable—too silly, in short; and has simply amused herself with them—that is, when she wasn't merely indifferent. But now she is as obedient as a lamb; and listens for every word—and I must say that he talks almost entirely to her, openly and unblushingly; and it's 'Sir Ewen says this' and 'Sir Ewen says that,' as if he were the sole authority in the world. The bit of wood from Fassiefern House you would think she considered a sainted relic; and both of them talk of her visit to Inverfask as being something quite important—nothing in the shape of a call; and not one word has the minx to say about her going back to America. And the worst of it is, she has such a nerve: she is afraid of nothing; if she takes a thing into her head, she'll do it, whatever her people may say."

"But haven't you got Jack Duncombe here to alter all that?" one points out to this schemer.

"She doesn't seem to pay any heed to him!" she answers, rather blankly.

"Send Ewen Cameron away, then."

"I couldn't be rude to him," she says; and then she adds, in a hurt kind of fashion, "Rude—to him!"

"Very well; do as you please; but remember this, that if anything should happen through your having insisted on

introducing Ewen Cameron to your dearly-beloved Peggy, all your romantic sentiment about Flora Macdonald, and your sympathy for poor Prince Charlie, and the interest attaching to Malcolm Macleod and his post-chaise, and to the Glenmoriston men and their stag, and Hamilton of Bangour, and Holyrood, and Culloden, and Quatre Bras, to say nothing of bushels and sheaves of Jacobite ballads and songs—I tell you, all these things boiled together won't remove the last of the mortgages from the Inverfask estate."

(To be continued.)

## MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

### SECOND NOTICE.

*Fortnightly Review*.—Professor E. A. Freeman, a high authority on English constitutional history, upholds the reform of the House of Lords by restoring official peerages and life peerages: he has also something to say of the position of county magistrates with the proposed elective councils. Sir Charles Dilke concludes his examination of our military defensive forces Trout-fishing, in Sweden and Norway as well as in England, is pleasantly described by Sir Henry Pottinger. The interesting marine romances of Pierre Loti are the subject of a critical essay by Mr. Henry James. The revival of architectural taste and invention, according to Mr. William Morris, must wait for social reforms. Concord, in Massachusetts, the rural home of Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and Thoreau, has been visited by Mr. Grant Allen, who relates his pilgrimage with true personal and literary appreciation of them. A comprehensive view of the East African Slave-Trade problem is presented by Mr. W. M. Torrens. Madame F. M. De Borring gives an agreeable picture of agricultural thrift in Denmark. Mr. Frederick Myers speaks of the late Matthew Arnold in a friendly spirit, but mistakes, we think, his position with regard to religion; for he was certainly a Theist, not an "Agnostic."

*Westminster Review*.—An Opposition member of the Liberal party condemns the Local Government Bill. There is an interesting account of the natives of the Solomon Islands. A student of political science analyses the idea of State Federation. The history of tramps, mendicancy, and vagrancy, as set forth in Mr. Ribton Turner's book, occupies one writer here; another, from personal experience, shows how to cure habitual drunkenness. "England, with all her Faults," is a frank and genial title for a retrospect of social reforms since a hundred years ago. The reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are searched for pleasant anecdotes.

*London Society*.—Forty pages are occupied by Miss Braddon's romance of "The Fatal Three." The Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh contributes part of a new short tale, "As Night Follows Day"; the Countess of Munster, a story of mysterious Russian visitors to Florence; and Mrs. Edward Kennard's novel, "A Crack County," makes further progress.

*Tinsley's Magazine*.—Besides several tales by Florence Warden and other writers, this magazine contains an article, by the Hon. Mrs. Armitage, on Knowsley and Lathom and the historical incidents connected with the House of Stanley, especially Lady Derby's celebrated defence of her husband's mansion in the Civil Wars.

*Temple Bar*.—An article on the real persons known to Dickens who were the originals of some of his creations will probably attract the reader; but it must not be supposed that the resemblance of character was complete in any of these cases. The German Reichstag, with the manners and behaviour of Prince Bismarck in that Assembly, is vividly described. There is a memoir of Gluck, the eminent old German musical composer. Lady Lindsay contributes the story of "Caroline"; while "The Rogue" and "From Moor Isles" are continued.

*Belgravia*.—The author of "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn" proceeds with her "Under-currents." Mr. W. Clark Russell tells another story of the sufferings, from thirst, of people adrift or becalmed on the ocean. "Ach!" is an amusing little tale about certain Germans and their talk. "Pothecary's Folly" and "Through the Furnace" have an admixture of tragic interest; "Chevalier Le Grand and Mr. Blopper" are card-sharpers. We prefer the continuation of Miss Sarah Tytler's "Blackhall Ghosts."

*Gentleman's Magazine*.—The narrative by Mr. Benjamin Scott, of a murder perpetrated in 1806, at Oddingley, in Worcestershire, that of the Rev. George Parker, the Rector, in consequence of a dispute concerning tithes, preserves in remembrance a terrible incident of local history. We do not like, either, the recollections of the "Ku Klux Klan," the secret society which terrorised the Southern States during some years after the American Civil War. The second instalment of Professor J. W. Hale's lecture on the literature of the Victorian reign treats of Carlyle and Macaulay, Dickens and Thackeray. Meteora and other Greek monasteries among the cliffs of Thessaly are described by Mr. J. Theodore Bent. A remarkable chapter of South German history, the revolution in Württemberg from 1733 to 1737, is related by Mr. Baring Gould.

*The Theatre*.—The personal reminiscences of Sothern, by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, with a portrait of that favourite actor in his part of "A Crushed Tragedian," will be acceptable to many readers. There is a portrait, also, of Miss Clo. Graves, with whose writings in verse our own readers are not unacquainted, and who has contributed to dramatic literature; another photograph in this number is that of the talented comedian Mr. Arthur Williams.

Sir Walter Phillipps, Q.C., and Mr. John Digby have been elected Benchers of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple.

The testimonial to ex-Chief-Inspector Denning from the members of both Houses of Parliament has been largely subscribed to by gentlemen of all shades of politics.

The friends of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold have resolved that there shall be memorials of him connected both with Westminster Abbey and the University of Oxford—the latter to take the form of a scholarship in English literature.

The result of the poll in the parish of St. Marylebone as to the adoption of the Public Libraries Act was—For the adoption of the Acts, 1946; and against, 4964. The total number of voting papers issued was 11,838, the balance being made up of 902 spoiled papers, 2200 not filled up, and 1826 not ready when called for. The parish has, therefore, rejected the benefits of the Acts by a large majority.

At the annual meeting of the members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain the annual report of the committee of visitors for 1887, testifying to the continued prosperity of the institution, was read and adopted. The real and funded property now amounts to above £81,000, entirely derived from the contributions and donations of the members. Forty-one new members were elected in 1887. Sixty-three lectures and nineteen evening discourses were delivered in the year. The books and pamphlets presented amounted to about 283 volumes, making, with 463 volumes purchased, a total of 746 volumes added to the library in the year.



1. Dealer soliloquising : "Worth money if 'e 'ad a good tail !  
See if I don't get 'im one."  
2. Procures a suitable appendage from a lately defunct animal.  
3. And prepares for fitting it on.  
4. The fixing completed with a'little strong glue.

5. The dog is tied up to dry.  
6. A final touch-up with comb and brush conceals the juncture.  
7. The dealer's wife declares "It's been the making of the dawg."  
8. He attracts a knowing customer.  
9. Who, after looking him over, pays a stiff figure for him.

10. And takes him home, where he meets a delightful reception.  
11. Next day his new master thinks he'll wash him.  
12. This results in a fearful revelation.  
13. Nobody is more astounded than the dealer ! But he consents  
to buy the dog back for an eighth of the original price.

BOUGHT AND SOLD! — "AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE."



IN THE CAP MARKET, BOULOGNE.

DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 6, 1887) of the Hon. Miss Louisa Emily Baring, late of No. 23, Prince's-gate, and West Hill, near Titchfield, Southampton, who died on March 23 last, was proved on April 28 by Lady Louisa Isabella Harriet Feilding, the niece and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £144,000. The testatrix bequeaths all stocks, shares, bonds, and securities of the East Indian Railway Company and of the Governments of Ceylon, Canada, and the United States of America; and all property of every description in those countries; her house, No. 23, Prince's-gate; all her jewels and a piece of plate called "The Four Seasons"; and £10,000, to her sister Harriet, the Marchioness of Bath. A portrait of Lady Ashburton and an enamel painting of Lady Baring to her nephew, Lord Ashburton; and all her silver plate to Lord Henry Frederick Thynne. She also directs that her debts are to be paid out of money at her banker's and dividends payable at the time of her death, and that any balance remaining over after such payment is to go to her nephew, Lieutenant Thomas Ulric Thynne. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her niece, Lady Louisa Isabella Harriet Feilding.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Nov. 12, 1880), with a codicil (dated May 6, 1885), of Mr. Thomas Frame, late of No. 40, Royal Exchange-square and Downside, Downhill, Glasgow, who died on Feb. 24 last, granted to Thomas Anderson, Alexander Kay, George Lammie, David George Frame, James John Frame, Robert Jackson, and James Alexander Reid, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on April 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £96,000.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1887) of Madame Louisa Elizabeth De Bille, late of Ashburton House, Putney-heath, widow, who died on March 26 last, was proved on April 25 by Major William Hutcheson Poë, C.B., and William Francis Fladgate, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the Irish Church Sustentation Fund; £1000 each to the Tyrone Protestant Society and St. George's Hospital; £20,000, upon trust, for her niece Helena Caroline Hanbury Tracy, for life, and at her death to her children; and numerous legacies and specific gifts to relatives and servants. She gives and devises all her real estate in England and Ireland, upon trust, for her niece Mrs. Mary Adelaide Poë, with remainder to her children. The residue of her property she leaves to her said niece Mrs. Poë.

The will (dated May 25, 1876) and two codicils (dated Dec. 6, 1881, and July 18, 1883) of Mr. George Martin, late of No. 2, Cromwell-gardens, Kensington, who died on Dec. 30 last, were proved on April 26 by Mr. John Morris, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £80,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay £500 per annum to each of his sons, John Jackson Martin, Norman Jackson Martin, and George Muir Martin; £150 per annum to each of his daughters, Anna Jackson Martin and Mary Steele Martin; and the remainder of the income arising from such trust to his wife Mary Martin, during her life or widowhood. At his wife's death or remarriage, he leaves all his property between his said five children in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1885) of Mr. Edwin Hilton, late of Oak Bank, Fallowfield, Manchester, and Glynshriar, Llanfair, near Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, who died on Feb. 15 last, has been proved in the Manchester District Registry by John Cooke Hilton, the son, Henry Hilton, the nephew, and John Whitcombe Gill, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £48,000. The testator devises and bequeaths his freehold house, "Glynshriar," and all his estate and lands in Montgomeryshire, with his household furniture, plate, pictures, &c., to his son John Cooke; £20,000, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, Mrs. Frances Ford and Mrs. Sarah Jane Gill, with remainder to their children; and an annuity to his servant. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son John Cooke Hilton, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1880) of Sir Henry Sumner Maine, K.C.S.I., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., late of No. 27, Cornwall-gardens, South Kensington, and the Master's Lodge, Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Master of Trinity Hall, who died at Cannes, on Feb. 3 last, was proved on May 1 by the Hon. Sir James Charles Mathew, one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, Frederick Pollock, and Frederic Harrison, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £46,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, his house, No. 27, Cornwall-gardens, and all his furniture and effects, and certain of his books, to his wife; and his prizes and medals to his sons Charles Sumner and Henry Hallam. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay annuities of £1200 to his wife, and £200 to his son Charles, during her life; she also to receive any surplus income after payment of the two annuities; and at her death he leaves his property, as to two thirds thereof, to his son Charles Sumner, and the remaining one third to his son Henry Hallam.

The will (dated July 28, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 6, 1887), of Mr. Henry Charles Silvertop, late of Minster Acres, Northumberland, and No. 14, Queensberry-place, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on April 27 by Edward Wolsey and Alfred Markby, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £32,000. The testator gives all his jewels, sculptures, works of art, and the furniture at

No. 14, Queensberry-place, to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Filomena Silvertop; and the furniture and effects at his mansion-house, Minster Acres, to his son Henry Thomas, or the person entitled, under a deed of settlement, to the receipts of the rents of the said house. The residue of his real and personal property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and, at her death, as to the capital and income, to his children, Henrietta, Mabel, and Arthur.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1867) of Mrs. Augusta Clarke, formerly of No. 3, St. Albans Villas, Highgate-road, but late of No. 5, Westbourne-terrace-road, Paddington, widow, who died on March 21 last, was proved on April 28 by Mr. Arthur Leslie Clarke, the son and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate between her three children, Arthur Leslie, Cecil, and Mrs. Augusta Wheen, in equal shares, the share of Mrs. Wheen to be held, upon trust, for her for life, and at her death to go to her children.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1886) of Mr. James Glover, late of Heath Bank, Lower Bebington, Cheshire, who died on Feb. 25 last, was proved in April, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,000.

## SHAKSPEARE AND BACON.

*The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays.* By Ignatius Donnelly. Two vols. (Sampson Low and Co.).—The ingenuity of American literary humourists—which has often too readily, as in the fabrication of "The Book of Mormon" and other celebrated hoaxes, been mistaken for an earnest revelation—is still capable of furnishing elaborate mystifications for the entertainment of the vast English-reading world. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a distinguished citizen of the United States, deserves the thanks of those who like this sort of fun, as he must have bestowed great labour on the manufacture of his bewildering production; and the many pages of arithmetical tables, lists of picked-out words, and photographic facsimiles of selected passages in the Folio of 1623, must have cost a good deal of money spent in printing. These two volumes, being externally handsome, and filled with amusing matter, are likely to obtain a place on the library shelves of every amateur of literary curiosities; and the bibliophiles of the next generation may contend for the purchase of stray copies at an enhanced price. In view of such probabilities, one might recommend buying the book as a safe investment of thirty shillings. The joke seems to us good enough in its way, though bearing severely on the innocent Baconian Society of London, to be communicated to the general public; and we imagine that Bacon and Shakspeare, if they could, by the supernatural craft of "Herr Paulus," or Professor Melchers, or any other American quack Spiritualist, be recalled to this world, and could know what we are reading and talking about, would relish it as much as we do. For both those illustrious Englishmen were fond of a joke; and, if they were personally acquainted with each other, and had some little correspondence, or occasional conference, with each other concerning plays for the theatre, which is not improbable, they should be tickled, wherever they now are, by the supposed discovery of strange adventures in their lives on earth, described by Bacon, seven years after the death of Shakspeare, in an occult arrangement of bracketed and hyphenated words in a badly printed, rude edition of Shakspeare's works. Bacon, it is fancied, was the editor of that edition, and the real author of the works. We do not think it worth while to discuss the value of such a method of cipher; any page of any book may contain some words or syllables which can be picked out and put together, with some distortion of orthography and syntax, to form new sentences of different meaning on any subject. Twenty shillings make a sovereign, but also forty six-pences, eight half-crowns, ten florins, and 240 pence, out of which many different sums can be counted; and words are not even coins of fixed value, but, like figures of numeration, alter in value by changing their place. We leave all that to the triflers with word-puzzles. The real test of the pretended discovery is the likelihood of the sentences which are presented by these new combinations having been first deliberately composed by Francis Bacon or by any other man of that time upon any occasion; secondly, the likelihood of such statements being committed to a "cryptogram" which remains utterly unknown during two centuries and a half, and which is incredibly fantastic, queer, silly, and obscure; instead of being plainly set down in a manuscript which Bacon might have consigned to safe custody for as long as he thought fit. On both these issues, considering the character of Bacon, the nature of the statements, the date of the alleged facts to which they relate, the position of Bacon twenty years afterwards—living then in the reign of King James, not of Elizabeth—and all the other circumstances, as well as the composition, style, and language of the supposed record, every reader with a glimpse of critical discernment will pronounce against Mr. Donnelly, if he seriously invites a literary verdict. Bacon himself ought not to be believed, if he should now rise from the dead and say that he wrote such things in such a manner; for the professors of Spiritualism warn us that there are "lying spirits." It is conceivable that, if he had been the author of the plays, many of them not before published as literature, or expressly claimed by Shakspeare, he might in some way have left a record of their true authorship, a testamentary document, to be made known presently after his decease. It is not conceivable that he should, in 1623, have hidden in the mazes of a multitude of typographical

eccentricities the story of his troubles from 1597 to 1600, about the play of "Richard II," which Queen Elizabeth thought treasonable; about the imputation of its authorship to him, Francis Bacon, with Sir Robert Cecil's inquiries on the subject, the pursuit of William Shakspeare and his flight, and the scurrilous reports of the Bishop of Worcester, and of Richard Field, concerning William Shakspeare's private life at Stratford. There was no motive, in 1623, for writing such a narrative; and there could be no motive whatever for putting it into such an artfully-concealed system of secret writing as to be deciphered only by chance, by an American lawyer, two hundred and fifty odd years after Bacon died. It might all have been made known in the reign of James I., without injuring anybody; but most of the incidents, if really facts—not including Bacon's confession of his authorship of the plays—must have been well known to hundreds of people then living. How is it, then, that nobody else has spoken of them? and why was it, then, that Bacon wrote of them in cipher? Surely the disgrace of the Earl of Essex, the Queen's anger with him, and her displeasure at the frequent performance of the play above mentioned, and at Dr. Hayward's pamphlet on the history of "Richard II," were sufficiently notorious. If the "old termagant," as she is here called, actually sent a troop of soldiers to Stratford-on-Avon to arrest Shakspeare, but failed to catch him, as he contrived to escape to the coast of France—if her powerful Minister, the enemy of Bacon, who was his cousin, and other persons high in office and Court favour did all they could to convict Bacon of the offence of writing that and other plays—if they held Privy Council conferences and examined witnesses, one of them a Bishop, to ascertain that the man of Stratford, a man well known in London, was incapable of writing the plays—how could these transactions remain a secret, which Bacon twenty-three years later was obliged to put into a cryptogram? The criticism of historical probabilities must reject, *a priori*, any narrative of alleged facts which were not known, but which would have been publicly known, for so long a period after their supposed occurrence; their intrinsic improbability, and their inconsistency with known facts, are secondary arguments. These secondary or inductive arguments, in the case of Shakspeare, are sufficiently abundant; though we know little of his life, especially after he retired to his native town, it does not at all agree with the vile description of him ascribed to the Bishop of Worcester. And how could Bacon have obtained an exact verbal report of whatever the Bishop might have said to Cecil in private conference—or of the Bishop's hideous account of Shakspeare's diseased person and disgusting habits, given in pages 788 to 811 of Mr. Donnelly's second volume? And why should Bacon, years after the death of Shakspeare, take the trouble to insert these and many other loathsome particulars in a falsified text of Shakspeare's plays? It would have been so much simpler and easier, if he chose to use a cryptogram, merely to state that he, Francis Bacon, was the true author of the plays and poems which had passed for Shakspeare's, and which were then collected in a folio volume for publication. We cannot do Mr. Donnelly such injustice as to believe that he wants the sagacity to perceive these fatal objections to the theory which he has devised, as we prefer to think, hypothetically and imaginatively, for the basis of his diverging *jeu d'esprit*; he is evidently a great practical joker. But the grotesque and comical romance which forms the kernel of his work is encumbered with an enormous wrappings of biographical anecdotes and commentary, adapted to the creed of Baconian omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence, held along with a notion that Bacon did the most foolish and futile thing ever done by the smallest, silliest, idlest of mankind. That creed, with this appended article, can never be forced on rational minds by juggling with some words taken out of their original connection in the text of Shakspeare's plays. The next expedient, as has been suggested, may be to call in the services of an American Medium—why not Mr. Sludge?—and bid him summon the spirit of Bacon to return to earth, that he may undergo a strict cross-examination. But a spirit cannot be put to "the question" on the rack, as many a body was treated in the merry days of Good Queen Bess. Moreover, we have been warned to beware of lying spirits, which fraudulently answer to the names of other persons:—

If Francis Verlaine  
Styles himself Bacon, spells the name beside  
With a *y* and a *k*, says he drew breath in York,  
Gave up the ghost in Wales when Cromwell reigned  
(As, Sir, we somewhat fear he was apt to say  
Before I found the useful book that knows),  
Why, what harm's done? The circle smiles apace,  
"It was not Bacon, after all, do you see!  
We understand; the trick's but natural;  
Such spirits' individuality  
Is hard to put in evidence; they incline  
To gibe and jeer, these undeveloped sorts."  
You see, their world's much like a jail broke loose,  
While this of ours remains shut, bolted, barred,  
With a single window to it. Sludge, our friend,  
Serves as this window, whether thin or thick,  
Or stained or stainless; he's the medium-pane  
Through which, to see or to be seen, they peep:  
They crowd each other, hustle for a chance,  
Tread on their neighbours' kibes, play tricks enough!  
Does Bacon, tired of waiting, swerve aside?  
Up in his place jumps Barnum—I'm your man,  
I'll answer you for Bacon! Try once more!

At the quarterly convocation of the Supreme Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of England, held at Freemasons' Hall, a donation of 100 guineas was voted to the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls.

## STRONG EVIDENCE.

(From the *Blackburn Times*.)

William Henry Holden, residing at 28, Whalley Old-road, Blackburn, has, ever since 1872, at frequent intervals, been subjected to indescribable suffering, owing to terrible attacks of intense pain and swelling in his feet. His agony at such times almost drove him frantic. As is natural to suppose, everything that was recommended for the ailment, which was of an acute rheumatic nature, was used, but either owing to the stubbornness of the complaint or other causes, all the remedies applied proved futile. A few weeks ago, Mr. Holden, hearing how the life of Mr. William Buchanan, one of the Cunard Steamship Company's engineers, had been saved by St. Jacobs Oil, after he had been given up by the Liverpool doctors to die, and had been at times deprived of his reason by suffering, resolved to induce his son to try this Oil, and procured a bottle from Jackson and Co.'s drug store. To his utter amazement, and that of all the members of his family, the excruciating pain and terrible swelling left, after only a few applications of the remedy had been made, and the young man is now free from his sufferings. "The change brought about by this bottle of St. Jacobs Oil is simply wonderful," remarked Mr. Holden, "and I gladly state that it has done more for my son in a single minute than all the remedies we had used before that time had accomplished in fourteen years. This may seem like a broad statement, but it is the plain, simple truth, and I gladly give my consent to the publication of our experience with this wonderful remedy." It may here be stated that leading newspapers of Manchester and Liverpool have recently reported similar remarkable cures. Among these is that of Mr. John Tetlow, a well-known resident of Oldham, who had long been so seriously afflicted with rheumatism that he was unable to walk. He was bent with agony. A single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil effected such a marvellous change that he is not only free from pain, but, although sixty years of age, he can walk as well as ever. So delighted was he with his relief that he personally sent a testimonial to the Great Britain Branch of the proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farrington-road, London, with full permission to have such use made thereof as they wished. The case of Mrs. Ann Watson, of Upper Pitt-street, Liverpool, is another instance of the incalculable value of this marvel of healing. The lady writes that she had been entirely deprived of the use of her feet owing to rheumatic troubles of long standing. Physicians could do nothing for her, and all medicines which she used were without avail. St. Jacobs Oil was finally used with the same astonishing results as in the instances above reported. She can walk as well as

ever, and is in perfect health. Facts like the foregoing speak for themselves. And it must be admitted by all that so valuable a discovery as that herein referred to deserves to be made known everywhere. The *Dublin Irish Times*, having heard so much said both in the Irish and English press in favour of a wonderful Oil, that they determined to investigate the matter themselves, by personal interviews with people who had used it, in order to learn whether or not one half that was said of its magical power was true, or whether it was one of those gigantic advertising schemes the magnitude of which in these modern times fairly takes one's breath away. Their representative interviewed a number of people in various parts of Ireland who had been cured by the application of the Oil, and in every instance he found that the published statements were true and correct, in every particular; everywhere people were enthusiastic in its praise. A Captain of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who had suffered long from rheumatism and sprained ankle, said:—"The effect after three applications of St. Jacobs Oil was simply marvellous; the pain at once departed and has never returned." A prominent hotel proprietor, after suffering years from rheumatic gout, said:—"It would be hard to conceive of anything working a cure so rapidly as St. Jacobs Oil did in my case." A Sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary told of a friend who had been a great sufferer for four years with rheumatism in the back suffering great pain, using two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, the pain entirely disappeared and has never returned." A young woman in Castlebar told the reporter of the almost miraculous cure which her mother, aged seventy-nine years, had experienced from using the invaluable St. Jacobs Oil. She had been almost helpless for two years from rheumatism, and was completely cured by using less than one bottle of the Oil. A prominent surgeon of Tipperary related the case of a parish priest, who had for a long time suffered the most intense agony from sciatica, completely cured in three days, by rubbing himself well with St. Jacobs Oil. A very enthusiastic Irishman in Gort was met with, shouting, "Long live St. Jacobs Oil." He had suffered the most intense rheumatic pains for years, and was cured by using the contents of one bottle of the Oil. A cooper in Beale, County Kerry, Ireland, related how his knee was twice its natural size, stiff and painful, and he was unable to stand. Swelling and pain entirely disappeared after using St. Jacobs Oil one week. An old gentleman in Mallow cured in one week, after having commenced to use St. Jacobs Oil, of severe rheumatism of six years' standing. On returning to Dublin, the reporter called on some of the leading chemists, for the purpose of learning their views. Messrs. R. Simpson and Co., of 16, Henry-street, the well-known chemists, stated that St. Jacobs Oil was the most popular remedy now being sold; that it is no uncommon thing for them to sell 1200 bottles of the Oil in a single week. That their last order was for 600 dozen, or 7,200 bottles; "and you can rest assured," said Mr. Simpson, the s. n. o. t. partner, "that no medicine would have this enormous sale unless it possessed actual merit."

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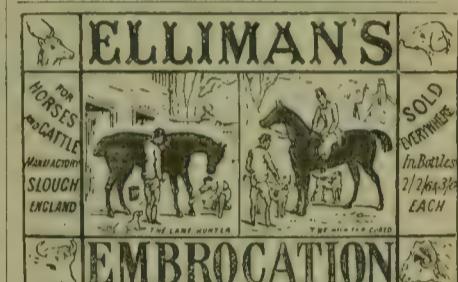
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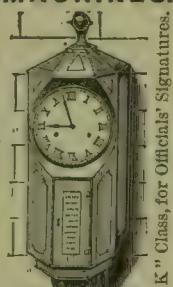
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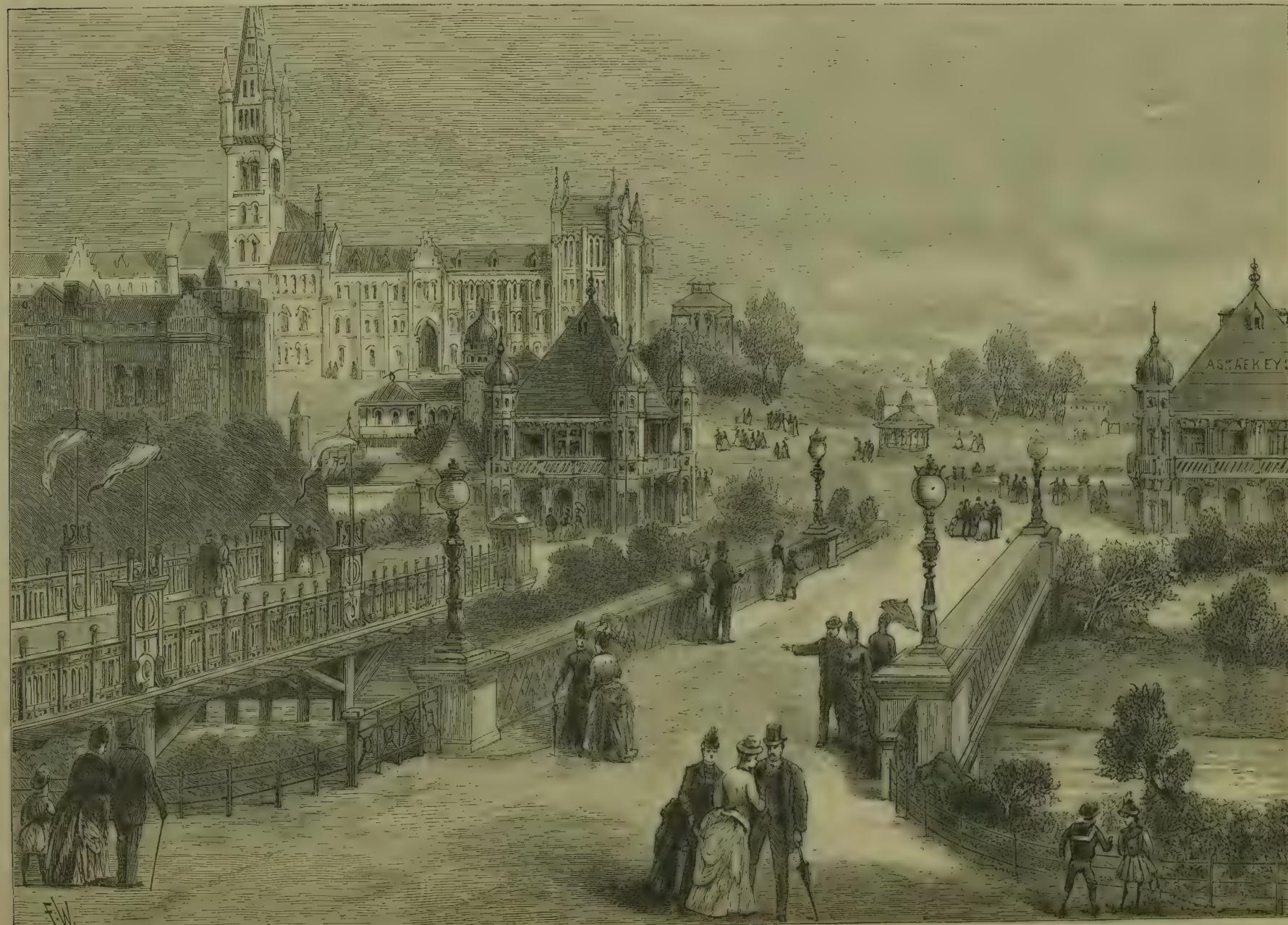
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## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Returning for a moment to the first three galleries, of which we made only a cursory survey last week, we must mention a few works then passed over. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Meeting of the Waters" (14), and, still more, his "Fishers of the North Sea" (76), are very striking instances of his power in rendering the opalesque tints of water, as well as of a far truer sympathy with the sea than are possessed by many artists who find in its ever-varying phases subjects for their brush. Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "Sympathy" (83) is an interesting survival of an art which was once more highly prized than it now is. It tells the simple tale of children's griefs and kindnesses, and how the bitterness of defeat, even at a game of battledore, can evoke the tender feelings of a playmate. In the second gallery Mr. Phil Morris's portrait of Sir Richard Dacres (101), although it does not reveal any of the higher qualities of this portrait-painter in the best sense of the word, is nevertheless a masterly piece of brush-work, and proves the artist to have a brilliant palette at his command. Mr. E. Armitage's two semi-classical works, "A Siren" (95) and "Juno" (152), are quaint examples of the painter's fancy; the flesh, however, in the nude figure of the former is above the average of much work by more imaginative artists, but the lines of the figure are feeble, and the pose of the siren is scarcely one of comfort.

In the third room a place of distinction is awarded to Mr. Fred. Goodall's "David's Promise to Bathsheba" (189): the aged King, supported by a graceful Abishag, is raising himself on his couch and promising the kneeling Bathsheba that her son shall reign. The colour is rather hot throughout, and there is no great strength of emotion in the faces of either of the trio; but the arrangement of the scene will command it to the tastes of many. In Mr. G. D. Leslie's "The Child's Secret" (212), a young girl in a bright green dress, whose back and neck alone are visible, is whispering to a little child whose eager face and open eyes tell their tale of joyful interest and surprise. Mr. Pettie's "Traitor" (220) is a somewhat confused scene of bright cloaks and flashing arms crowded round a poor wretch who lies on the floor handcuffed and fettered, whilst a dignitary of the Church sits placidly by, consenting almost smilingly to the fate which he has perhaps brought upon the prisoner. It is a picture without much unity or harmony, but it has a certain spirit of life which Mr. Pettie can throw into his work. Mr. Marcus Stone has seldom been more careful, and, it may be added, more successful, than in his simply-told tale, "In Love" (236): a young man, eager yet timid, a young girl, naive yet conscious, are seated, facing each other, on a circular seat under the trees of a garden. The story he who runs may read, but it is worth while to pause and study the delicacy and refinement with which Mr. Stone has brought out all the simple elements of an English garden; how de'ly he has taken advantage of the gleam of light among the leaves, of the bright sun on the garden in the background. In his special line of art Mr. Stone stands altogether unrivalled. He may not have any far-soaring aims, but he is always tasteful and complete. Mr. Hope M'Lachlan's "Dale Head" (241), a sombre scene, is an interesting instance of how some artists, even skilful, ignore the conditions under which light can be either reflected or transmitted. Mr. W. Q. Orchardson's contribution this year to the domestic drama of which he has become the illustrator is entitled "Her Mother's Voice" (286): a young girl in the far-off corner of a large and somewhat meagrely-furnished drawing-room is singing to a young man, who is discreetly put away in the corner. In the central plan of the picture an elderly gentleman is seated, looking in the fire. His face is perhaps the best thing in the picture, and is full of real tenderness and awakened memories; but it strikes us that the introduction of the younger man unnecessarily complicates a motive which was otherwise so direct and simple. Mr. W. D. Frith's "Santa Claus" (308) represents two children in bed awaking on Christmas morn to find the gifts provided for their surprise. It is only fair to say that at all events this work is far more worthy the artist's reputation than "Poverty and Wealth" (26), exhibited in the first room. Mr. S. G. Rowe's "Sweet Springtime" (256). Mr. D. C. Jenkins's "Banks of the Trent" (252), Mr. Philip Calderon's "Effie" (265), Sir John Gilbert's "Breaking-up the Encampment" (266), and Mr. Yates Carrington's spirited rendering of the true story of dog-life, "An Out-Patient" (282), are all well worthy of attention.

In the fourth gallery, Mr. Vicat Cole's "Pool of London" (350) is in every sense one of the great pictures of the year—in size, colour, and composition. It represents the busy scene of life and work of those who go down to the sea in ships. There is real grandeur in Mr. Co'e's treatment of this everyday scene, and he has thrown into his conception a sense of the dignity of toil. Not less successful is his painting of the rich, smoke-laden clouds touched with the sun—not, indeed, of Italian brightness, but not the less full of beauty for the eye that can see and the hand which can transcribe. Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Henry Marquand (365) is quite the most successful of his this year's exhibits. It represents a dignified lady in a simple but rich dress—a face and bearing of which refinement is the leading characteristic. In imitating his master, M. Carolus Duran, Mr. Sargent relies, perhaps, too much on his power of producing strong results by slight means, and in some of his other works we are almost led to think him wanting in finish; such a fault, however, cannot be found with his portrait of Mrs. Marquand, which as much eclipses its neighbour, Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of Mrs. Ernest Moon (357), as in the adjoining room Mr. W. B. Richmond's Viscountess Hood (439) throws into the shade Mr. Sargent's somewhat affected rendering of Mrs. E. D. Boit (432), who seems to be almost winking at the spectator. The Lady Hood, on the other hand, is a really magnificent work, conceived and executed in Mr. Richmond's best style, and recalling, intentionally of course, the pose of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. The flowing lines of the rich black satin dress, the nobility in the pose of the figure, and the grace with which the head is set upon the shoulders, are the chief features of this work.

To return, however, to the fourth room, M. Emile Wauter's full-length portrait of a boy, M. Somzee (335), is a direct reproduction of the old Dutch method of child-painting: very simple and quiet in colour, but full of life and character. But a far more striking work in every way, both for sentiment and composition, is Mr. Frank Bromley's "Hopeless Dawn" (351), the inside of a fisher's cottage, where throughout the stormy night wife and mother have been waiting the sad message from the sea, of which the storm without has given warning. The untasted supper of overnight is still upon the table; the candle flaring in the socket has just gone out, and with it all hope in the hearts of the two women, who strain their eyes over the angry sea, just touched by the cold rays of early dawn. Mr. John Brett's "Earth's Shadow on the Sky" (386) is one of those curious studies in atmospheric phenomena which so delight this scientific artist. The idea he wishes to convey is the rising of the dusk from the shadow thrown by the setting sun upwards on the sky. In fact he represents a very bright and distinct foreground of rocks, a very green sea, and in the background a number of

ships appearing through the mist, which gathers round the foot of the hills. The picture is obviously clever artistically; but whether the scientific fact Mr. Brett wishes to illustrate has been correctly brought out, we are incompetent to say. Sir F. Leighton's portrait of Lady Coleridge (373) is graceful and somewhat artificial in pose and colour; but, at all events, it does not display the fault which seems to be so general this year, of representing living people with dead flesh. This exaggerated waneness and pallor may be due to the "wear and tear of London life," or it may be the result of the dark grey days, of which the early months of the year were made up; but in any case there is a sepulchral tone thrown over three-fifths of the portraits, male or female.

The other noteworthy pictures in this room are Mr. H. Herkomer's portrait of Mrs. Albert Sassoon (316), Mr. P. R. Morris's Mrs. Lorin Lathrop (328), Mr. Blair Leighton's "Stolen Interview," Mr. Burton Barber's "Trust" (387), a child stretching on tip-toe to put a lump of sugar on the nose of an enormous Mount St. Bernard dog; and Mr. C. E. Perugini's graceful arrangement of three girls under a tree, "A Summer Shower" (393). Mr. James Sant's "Mistress Anne Page" (372) and Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Miss Dorothy Ricardo" (331) are also distinguished from their surrounding works by delicacy and thought.

In the fifth gallery Mr. Herman Herkomer, who came so suddenly to the front last year, is represented on the present occasion by two portraits, the Lord Chancellor (462) and Mr. Frank Lockwood (454), which at least have the merit of directness and solidity; but they can scarcely be said to be either pleasing or flattering as likenesses. His better-known and more accomplished cousin is, however, quite at home in the delineation of the Speaker (420), whose firm and thoughtful face, with its strong lines, lends itself with peculiar advantage to Mr. Hubert Herkomer's style of painting. Miss Hilda Montalba's sturdy little "Dutch Girl" (407) is a valuable protest against this tone of flesh colour which has suddenly come into vogue, but, happily, not subscribed to by Mr. Sant in his delicate treatment of the children of Mr. Lucas Ralli (473). The subject-pictures which most challenge notice are Mr. Briton Rivière's "Requiescat" (413) and Mr. Long's "Crown of Justification" (453), which occupy opposite sides of the room. The former represents a knight of the olden time, in full armour, laid out on a rich blue silk pall—a fine bit of still life, in which Mr. Briton Rivière shows that he can paint "scenery, dresses, and appointments" as deftly as his fellow-Academicians who deal exclusively in such wares. The centre of interest and of individuality is the figure of the faithful bloodhound, which keeps watch beside his master's body, and even and anon stretches up to lick his lifeless hand. Mr. Long's work is one of those extraordinary inanimate productions of which this eminent Egyptologist has produced so many yards within the last few years. It is supposed to portray the custom of judging the dead, a rite to which Egyptian notables in ancient times were subjected, previous to burial. In the present case, the mummy seems to run a fair chance of being "stood in the corner" of the family house, instead of being decently buried in the family catacomb; for the judges, who sit round with as much dignity as a jury of matrons, have before them an old man in chains and a young lady in tears, both apparently victims of the deceased's ill-will. The picture may be clever from an archaeological point of view, but it seems to lack nearly everything which constitutes a work of art. One turns with relief from such a work to Mr. MacWhirter's "Silver Sea and Silver Beeches" (452)—albeit the subject is a hackneyed one with him; and to Mr. Alfred East's "Autumn Morning" (461), blowing fresh and bright over the wooded dip, and the open landscape beyond. Mr. Leader's "Old English Homestead" (408) is less hard than much of his recent work has been; but it is still marred by a monotony of tone and treatment which will prevent him from reaching the higher flights of landscape painting. The other pictures of this room especially worthy of notice are Mr. Fred Morgan's "Playmates" (403), Mr. Ernest Parton's "Ivy-clad Tower" (419), Mr. David Carr's "Siren's Rock" (446), in which a pretty fancy has been rendered with a sense of poetry and a harmony of colour; and M. Aublet's "Turc en Prière" (433), a good specimen of the new French school.

The magnificent picture by Meissonier now on view at Messrs. Tooth's (Haymarket) may be classed amongst the most brilliant successes of that artist's long and successful career. It is surprising that a man having passed the three score and ten years of life should *d'un cœur léger* have undertaken a work of which the miniature forerunner occupied him upwards of fifteen years of continuous labour. The original picture of "Friedland," or, as it was subsequently called, "1807," was completed in 1871. Many of the figures had been already painted in half life-size, and subsequently reduced to the minute dimensions required for a picture which was barely 18 in. in length by 8 in. in height. We now see it recomposed, as it were, of its original factors, and whilst in no way depreciating the smaller work, for which Mr. Stewart paid the astonishing sum of £12,000, we are constrained to ask what can possibly be the money value of the present work—measuring some twelve feet by six—if paid for at a similar rate. There is, however, no need to lose oneself in wonderment, as the picture is not for sale, and goes back to Paris, where it has not yet been seen, save by a few friends, to represent M. Meissonier at the Universal Exhibition of next year. The subject is familiar to most of our readers. Napoleon, seated on his white charger, surrounded by his brilliant staff, amongst whom Bessières, Duroc, and Berthier are easily recognisable, occupies a slight eminence towards the centre of the picture. Behind him the bearskins of the "Vieille Garde," under General Nansouty, are awaiting the orders to advance as soon as Ney, at the head of the Cuirassiers, has thrown the Russian column into disorder. This inspiration, to which Napoleon probably owed the victory of Friedland, was recognised to be a hazardous venture; and that it was successful was due to the dash and persistence of Ney and his Cuirassiers. Meissonier has seized the moment when the squadrons, in passing the Emperor, have just burst into a gallop; and he seems to have thrown into every individual soldier of the moving mass in the foreground some of that personal devotion and reckless courage which led the French armies in triumph from the Bay of Biscay to the gates of Moscow. The Emperor has raised his hat in acknowledgment of the wild hurrahs with which the horsemen are pushing forward, careless of the doom which awaits so many of them. Of the technical qualities of the work it is impossible to speak too highly: vigorous drawing, harmonious colouring, and inimitable composition distinguish it throughout; whilst the feeling thrown into the scene cannot fail to stir the most sluggish and least impressionable spectator.

Miss Harriet Kendall announces a dramatic recital, under Royal and distinguished patronage, at Prince's Hall, on the evening of May 25. She will be assisted by Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen; Signor Tito Mattei, pianist to the King of Italy; M. Szczepanowski, and other eminent artistes. A most attractive programme has been arranged.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF STAYING AT HOME.

What could Shakespeare mean by saying that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wit"? The greatest poet this island has produced was himself undoubtedly a home-keeper. There is no reason to believe that he ever crossed the sea, and on the "sweet soil" that produced him he found food enough and space enough for his amazing genius. He was born at Stratford, lived for years in London, and died at his birthplace; and there is, we believe, no record of his going elsewhere. Spenser crossed the sea to Ireland, but was, otherwise, scarcely more of a traveller than Shakespeare; and no one will credit the great author of "The Faerie Queene" with homely wit. Neither Cowley nor Bacon ever wandered further than France, and it was not until the philosopher was forced to remain quietly at home that he wrote the works to which he owes his fame. It would have been greatly more to Ben Jonson's credit if he had not accepted the post of travelling tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son. The young man, discovering "rare Ben's" weakness, is said to have made him dead drunk, and when in this condition, to have caused him to be drawn on a car through the streets of Paris for the amusement of the bystanders. I suspect that, had he been in England, the wicked young wag would not have dreamt of such a misdemeanour. Bunyan, we all know, never went further from Bedford than London, and wrote his wonderful allegory in a prison. Defoe, although he travelled far from home in his books, did not go beyond Scotland in the flesh. Had it been his misfortune to undergo the painful adventures of "Robinson Crusoe," the world would never have had that delightful story. Defoe's contemporaries, Swift and Pope, the two wittiest men of the age, and men of the keenest intellects, did not find it necessary to travel in search of ideas. Pope's longest journey was to Bath; and Swift's life as a traveller was spent between Dublin and London. Congreve, although he was at one time Secretary to the Island of Jamaica, never left England, and felt painfully enough the disadvantage even of home-travel; for he died in consequence of being upset in his coach when on the way to Bath, the wished-for bourne in that age of every invalid. Thomson, too, met his death by going abroad; for he caught a fatal cold upon the Thames. He travelled on the Continent once, and the sole result of the journey was a dull poem on "Liberty," which it needs considerable courage to read. Cowper, who never crossed the sea, who never saw a mountain, and was daunted by the "tremendous height" of the Sussex hills, is, notwithstanding, one of the best of letter-writers and most delightful of poets. Would he have done better if he had visited China, or caught yellow-fever in the West Indies? I know not; and the mention of Cowper's name reminds me that Charles Lamb, with whom he had some points of affinity, was unlike him in one respect. Cowper lived upon country fare; while Lamb found all the nourishment he needed for his genius in London. Few men have kept so closely to the great city, or fixed their heart upon it with such avidity. Lamb was eminently fond of staying at home. Circumstances forced him to move from one lodging to another; but these little journeys remind one of Dr. and Mrs. Primrose's "migrations from the blue bed to the brown." On foreign soil Lamb would have felt forlorn, indeed. He went once to Paris, but the visit left no mark upon his life or writings; he went to Keswick, also, to see Coleridge, and that did but serve to make him love the streets of London more. Not even Dr. Johnson loved them better, and he, too, though with Boswell's help he reached the Hebrides, had small experience of travel. "Boozzy," as we all know, sailed as far as Corsica, and on his return made a fool of himself in consequence. He talked once of visiting the Wall of China, and Johnson told him that by so doing he would raise his children to eminence, adding, "I am serious, Sir." But Johnson, who understood Boswell's weakness, was fond of chaffing him, and, I suspect, did so in this instance. Although the doctor loved his fire-side and special seat at the tavern, he had a great yearning to see the world. He was fond, too, of reading travels—a pleasing occupation for stay-at-home readers—but observed, justly enough, that "those whose lot it is to ramble can seldom write, and those who know how to write very seldom ramble." So you see that we have Dr. Johnson's authority for saying that the best authors stay at home.

Certainly the greatest man of letters of this century was a home-keeper. Sir Walter Scott found abundant food for his genius in his native land, and did not need to go abroad even to paint foreign scenery. No native Swiss has ever described the peculiar features of his country with the felicity displayed by Scott in "Anne of Geierstein," and it was not till the mighty brain of the "whole world's darling" was exhausted that he set out upon his travels. With what result we all know.

I think I hear some reader exclaiming that the kind of argument I have been advancing is of no value so far as he is concerned. If an author does well to stay at home it does not follow that he who never printed a line in his life would act wisely in following the example. For him, at least, Shakespeare's words have a meaning and a warning, and rather than be cursed with "homely wit," he is ready to leave house and kindred and to become a Cook's tourist! It is to be feared there are scores of English men and women whose sense of what is expected from them sends them from home far more than their inclination. Why cannot they be brave enough to despise Mrs. Grundy? Why make themselves miserable with the discomforts and dangers of travel? It seems an easy thing, in these days, to move about, but we do it at our peril: and it has been well said that "civilisation, so far from giving us complete immunity from danger to life and limb, is daily introducing us to novel perils." The main delights of travel are in the recollection. We forget the extortion of landlords, the damp beds, the wearisome delays, the disagreeable companions, the loss, perhaps, of luggage, or the miseries of quarantine; and remember only what was pleasant. But will not a good volume of travels, read by one's fireside, give us the pleasure of the tourist, and save us from his inevitable annoyances? A man can surely find discomforts enough under his own roof-tree without going abroad in search of them. When a bitter wind is blowing from the east, and the sun is hidden by clouds, the arguments in favour of staying at home appear to be irresistible. All attempts to allure us to foreign parts are made in vain, and we prefer to encounter dismal weather in its native regions, where we can be well armed against it, than to face the enemy abroad.

Alas for the inconsistency of human nature! No sooner does the Spring burst upon us in its glory, with bud and blossom and song of bird; no sooner does the glowing sunshine put our library fire to shame, than the fickle Briton is flushed by a thirst for travel that would be irresistible were it not that society says "No," and compels him to stay at home until the freshest, brightest season of the year is over. It is fashion, not virtue, that prohibits him from roaming, and some of us who, being unknown, can afford to laugh at fashion, may have Nature to ourselves in May and June.

Impressed as I am generally with the advantages of staying at home, I confess that I am sometimes liable to forget them when the abounding life of the woods and fields quickens my own pulses.

J. D.

## THE OLD HIGHWAY.

A broad, white band of road, crossing hill and dale, winding through woodland and pastureland, skirting corn-field and orchard, passing drowsy villages and lethargic towns—such is the Old Highway. Its whole length at one time—and that not so very long ago, if one measure by the life of a nation—was alive with the movements and the activities of internal trade; but now, for many a mile, it is almost deserted—is as hushed and lonely as the solitariest and most sequestered of green lanes. One no longer hears the clang and rattle of her Majesty's mail, with its fine team of four spanking horses, dashing past at the rate of ten miles an hour. The farmer's heavy waggons no longer jolt and roll along its track, laden with produce for the nearest market. The squire's handsome barouche, with its coachman and footman in neat livery, and its pair of high-stepping roans, the parson's chaise, the commercial traveller's gig—these are now as few and far between as angels' visits; for the district is the seat of an important railway system, and, being everywhere tapped by branches or connections, all, or almost all, its trade has abandoned the old highway. Pedestrians are so diminished in number that one may walk a league or two and scarce exchange a "Good-day" with half dozen wayfarers. An artist, intent on picking up bits of picturesque scenery; a slouching, furtive-eyed tramp, going to try his luck at the next "Union"; an old and frail-looking man, wearily breaking stones by the wayside; a couple of comely maidens, with the erect figure and elastic step of healthy English girls, bound on a shopping expedition to the town hard by; a carter plodding slowly by the side of his creaking, labouring wain—these are all I have met with in one hour's journeying. Over-population? There are no signs of it along the Old Highway. I look to the right hand and the left, and my gaze ranges afar over a fair country-side—over meadows and corn-fields, coppices, gardens, and orchards, wooded hills, wooded hollows, hop-grounds, and patches of furzy common—dotted here and there with a quaint farmstead or spacious manor-house, with an occasional cluster of white cottages, and the neat, slated roofs of a trim railway-station—but to all appearance as sparsely peopled as the Highlands of Argyllshire. It is a relief when one comes to a village, and sees the rosily-cheeked children peering at one from the rustic doorways, or hears the prattle of their mothers as they lean over the garden fences, and gossip about the few small concerns of their uneventful lives. It seems to bring one in touch again with one's kind. I have felt as strange a feeling of loneliness in many parts of the Old Highway as on Salisbury Plain or the grey edges of Dartmoor. Besides, those are localities in which one expects solitude, where one would resent the hum of men, the presence of a crowd; but the silences along a public road—broad, solid, and well made, as if for incessant traffic and all kinds of noisy locomotion—seem unnatural and almost eery, and, as night comes on, overtake the conscious traveller with a feeling of something unintelligible. For then the calm grows deeper and spreads over wider spaces. The birds have ceased their various strains; the low of the kine in the pasture, the tinkle of the sheep-bell, are no longer audible; nor the low, droning sound of the steam-engine in the far-off farmyard. The village children are all asleep, and the village innkeeper has locked and barred the door on the last of his lingering topers. So profound is the stillness that you hear in the thicket the skurry of some roystering hare, from miles off can distinguish the tramp-tramp of the mounted patrol. The Old Highway is changed into a ghostly traject; the moon flings strange gleams and illuminations about it, which serve to deepen by contrast the shadows where the tall trees stand thick together, swaying their spectral arms slowly to the motion of the passing airs; in the corners of the fields, and under the hedge-rows, lie quaint patches of darkness; and similar patches creep along under the walls of the old church; and these, in some way or another, make one feel the silence all the more acutely. A shimmering mist has fallen on the valley below, like a veil of the softest tissue imaginable, and a misty glory coils round the enchanted hillsides where they catch the silver of the moonlight: all is stillness and solitude, and all is mystery—the mystery, unfathomable and inexplicable, of silence and solitude.

Suddenly—how the change comes about I know not—the Old Highway passes into the world of the poets, and imagination takes possession of it, and the solitude gives way to the rush and contention of life, and the silence yields under the pressure of many voices. I stand aside, and let the centuries file in gleaming array. The procession seems interminable: hero-king returning from the field of victory to receive the noble welcome of a proud people, in whose veins already throbs the passion for empire; astute Italian ecclesiastic, come from the City of the Seven Hills, to beguile some concession of power or privilege from a reluctant monarch; hero-seaman returning from his voyage to remote seas, with spoils of the Spaniard, and tokens of the wealth of El Dorado; broken courtier, with the curse of failure upon him, retiring to hide his shame or his suffering in some secluded abbey or moated grange; betrothed princess, gently ambling on her way to share a throne already one of the proudest in Europe—not without many a shiver and shudder of uneasy feeling as she thinks of the years that are to be, and of the lots they may let fall from their uncertain urns! So they come and go—the life and the passion and the sentiment of the past—all surging along the Old Highway, until it becomes part and parcel of our English history. And now the solitude fills with a long train of pilgrims—the poet's pilgrims—pressing along the old highway to do homage at a famous shrine. And all feeling of the night and the stillness disappears; an arch of cloudless blue spans the glad earth, and the warm sunshine of the May morning flickers among the trees, and dimples on the southern slopes as the motley cavalcade takes shape before me. First, as befits his rank, comes the knight, dressed in short jacket of fustian, which still shows the stains of the coat of mail he wore over it in the wars; for he has faced the foe in fifteen successful battles, and fought for Christ and his Cross in Turkey and the Holy Land. "A very perfect gentle knight"—no villainy has ever passed his tongue; and from the day he first rode forth, with helm on head and lance in rest, he has ever loved freedom and honour, truth and courtesy. By his side goes his young son—a comely youth, just on the borders of manhood—with a man's well-knit figure and a boy's smooth face and curling locks. His green coat has once been gay with embroidery of "floures red and white." Fresh and blithe as the month of May, he sings and plays the lute all day. He manages his horse with admirable skill; not only sings songs, but composes them; and not only composes them, but, like a clerk, can write them down. He dances, and jousts, and hurls the javelin—in a word, is endowed with all the gracious gifts of the later chivalry.

The knight and his squire, as they pass along the Old Highway, are attended by their retainer, a stalwart yeoman, habited in green, and carrying the English yeoman's favourite weapon, the bow, with which Cressy and Poitiers were won. Next comes a saintly group of prioress, nun, and priest. The prioress—a tall and slender lady, with grey eyes gleaming under a broad white forehead, a straight nose, and a small mouth. From her arm depends a chaplet of coral beads, and she wears a gold brooch, shaped like the letter A, with a crown

over it, and the ever-familiar motto, "Amor vincit omnia." And now a monk pricks along right merrily—in superfine furs—his hood elegantly fastened with a gold pin, and tied with a love-knot at the broader end; and, as he goes, his richly-embossed bridle jingles in the whistling wind, so clear and eke as loud as doth the chapel bell. On a high horse, with forked beard and Flanders hat of beaver, shaped like a peaked roof, rides the merchant, followed by a clerk of Oxford, wearing a threadbare coat, and on a steed as bare as his rider. A sergeant-at-law next comes this way: wise and wary, of great renown in his profession, rich in robes and fur, and versed in every legal quip and quiddity. Behind this wizened man of parchment, with smooth chin and yellow complexion, trots a jolly, red-faced, white-bearded franklin—a country gentleman, the very soul of hospitality. The procession, as it trails along the dusty road, includes London citizens of substance, carpenter and haberdasher, weaver, dyer, and tapestry-maker, all fitted, so far as wisdom gives a claim (nowadays no such claim is put forward!), to assume the Aldermanic robe. Yon sun-burnt sailor, from Dartmouth, is not a figure to be overlooked, as he strides his horse with true nautical awkwardness, attired in a gown of coarse cloth, which terminates at the knee—his dagger, suspended from his neck, dropping down under his arm. Then passes the doctor of physic, as lean and pallid as if he took his own electuaries and confections; and then the Wife of Bath, with comely countenance and buxom figure, with scarlet hose setting off her shapely ankle, and rich, substantial cloak wrapped about her rounded form; while the parson, with face serene and looks all love and purity; the ploughman; the choleric reeve; the jolly miller, in a coat as white as his own meal; manciple, and sompson, and pardoner, close up that motley train, which first set out on its pilgrimage along the Old Highway five centuries ago.

But the past disappears, and from the ideal we turn to the reality. The Old Highway offers us, as we pursue its elm-shaded track, a succession of pictures, wonderfully different in form and character, though all are alike steeped in that soft, English atmosphere of ours, which has a way of toning down the lights and shades, and rounding the angles, till the whole landscape assumes a complete and agreeable harmony. The fancy occurs to me of treating the Old Highway as a picture-gallery crowded with canvases by the great masters. Here, for instance, we come upon a stretch of rich pasture, watered by a slow-moving stream, the course of which is traced by a line of tall green poplars; a group of cattle basking in the amber sunshine: it is, of course, a Cuyp. That bit of shaggy woodland, dark and obscure, with long vistas ranging far away into deep bowery recesses, the haunts, perhaps, of Pan and his satyrs: let us call it a Gaspar Poussin. That sweet rich range of corn-field and meadow, with its undulations of brown and green and gold, and its glimpses of distant avenues of oak and elm, where the woodman's cart is slowly toiling homeward: that shall be a Constable. Yonder view of a broad estuary, with its blue rim melting into a white bank of clouds, from the rifts in which mysterious lights flash enchanted colours on the rolling waves, and on the fisher-boats that tumble and toss in their sliding depths: that must be a Turner. But we come upon many another scene which English artists have loved, and will ever love, to copy: such as the cluster of thatched cottages by the wayside, with the roses nodding over their open casements, and the woodbine climbing up each rustic porch. Or the village-green, with more rose-garlanded cottages facing towards it, and in one corner the straining bellows and clinking anvil of the blacksmith's forge; in another, the old village inn with its red-curtained windows, and the creaking sign-board swinging just over the wooden trough; while, in a third stands, due east and west, the mossy, time-worn, grey stone building of the village church, its square tower deep embowered in ivy, and a large, umbrageous yew shading the lich-gate at the entrance to its place of graves. Or slopes covered with waving grain, slowly and softly sinking down to the reedy marshes that lie along the bank of a great river. Or the shades of a deep valley, where the trees are taller, and the grasses richer, than on the rising ground; and under the scented may of the hawthorn-hedge blooms the meadow-sweet, with its burden of fine odour; and ragged robins and red campions woo the wandering butterfly; and the fields are thick-sown with the trefoiled buttercup; and cool mosses grow on the bank of the stream that purl and curves in the hollows beneath a luxuriant growth of brier and bramble. Are not these enough? Then, turn to yonder cliff, where the eyeless keep of the ancient castle was planted by the strong hands of Norman builders; its huge uplifted bulk wearing that strange aspect of dignity in decay which makes so strong an appeal to the imagination. Or, from another point, look down on the grey mass of a stately cathedral, which, with its towers and buttresses and mulioned windows, its solidity and its wealth of carved ornament, its grand proportions and its majestic age, seems as if it had been struck out of some mountain of stone by other than human hands.

If you would put before a stranger from over the sea all that is most picturesque in the historic life of England, would help him to understand the various influences which have shaped our English history and moulded our national character, take him, I pray you, along the Old Highway; for, rightly looked at, it is a panorama which unfolds our annals in swift and stirring succession, from the days when the Norman "high-mettled" the blood in our veins down to these declining years of the nineteenth century. There, when he has explored it from end to end, he will discover how young her people are—though England is so old. There he will be able to discern how her Past has glided gently into her Present, till both have formed one full, free stream, which flows with a majestic, continuous flood, guided by time-honoured landmarks, and reflecting in its clear luminous wave the monuments of antiquity as well as the edifices raised by the enterprise of later generations. Even if he care not for human problems, and desire only to note what is most characteristic in English scenery, still, I say, bid him resort to the Old Highway; for there shall he satisfy his craving with the bloom and the balm of those green hedgerows—without which England would no longer be England—with stately array of oak and elm, and beech and horse-chestnut; with the rounded forms of the hills and the gentle undulations of wold and dale; with all the changes of farm-house and grange and manorial hall, of thorpe and hamlet, of market town and city; with the wild flowers by the way-side, and the lark's song in the high clear air, and the warble of the blackcap in the woods; with the pink and white blossoms of the orchards, and the young green freshness of the hop-bines—all rounded off, as it were, by the swelling waves of the great river, which bears on its broad bosom the commerce of a world.

W. H. D.-A.

The Rev. John Henry Rose, M.A., Vicar of Clerkenwell, has been presented with a purse containing 220 guineas, a gold watch, and an illuminated address; Mrs. Rose (wife of the Vicar) receiving a portrait, in oils, of her husband, the whole being in token of the esteem in which the Vicar is held for his twenty years' service in the parish.

## "MR." THACKERAY.

It was said by Mr. Solomon—and Mr. Thackeray often repeated the remark—that All was Vanity. The former philosopher perhaps took rather a despondent view of things—when we consider the number of the Mrs. Solomons we can understand this—but it must be allowed that by this time, at all events, his saying has become amazingly true.

All is vanity, pretty nearly; or, at any rate, there is a great deal of vanity in all. Everyone grumbles about the special forms of vanity which come in his path; and the present writer owns to being most "put about" by the vain little ways of the literary prig.

And, if there is one special, very little way more aggravating than the rest, it is the sudden pretension of gentility wherewith—after talking of other great men of the past by their usual style, as Wordsworth, Carlyle, Emerson, and so forth—he suddenly sticks me a "Mr." before the dear and honoured name of Thackeray.

Why? In the name of common-sense and the ordinary sensible fashions of speech, wherefore this exception? Thackeray's opponents said that he was a snob; but is that any reason why his admirers (and few of these literary snobs venture not to admire him) should confirm the accusation?—should assume that Michael Angelo Titmarsh walks about the Elysian Fields crowned not with laurels, but with a new silk hat, which he raises, "society-wise," to those who greet him as "Mr.?"

If this be not the reason, why this favouritism? Why do these gentlemen forget their manners when they are speaking of Mr. Turner, who painted those charming pictures? and of Mr. Bartholdy, whose music was so popular in its day, and whose "Elijah" is even now in favour with the common people? and, moreover, of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who was quite a superior sort of person in his way? Even Macaulay, poor nobleman, has often to go without his Lord; although, quaintly enough, Mr. Dickens is not an uncommon form—solely, I believe, because it was so usual to pair him off with Thackeray (though, on this ground, Mr. Eliot, or Mrs. Eliot, or Miss Evans, or Mrs. Cross, would surely be preferable to the very familiar "George Eliot"); and a word might even be put in for poor Charles Lever, who has not, I think, been favoured with a "Mr." since the year of his death). Indeed, from Messrs. Shakespeare and Milton downwards, men of genius have a grievance against the exceptional honour—and it is such an honour!—done to Mr. Thackeray.

For the usual plan has been, when a great man was dead—and, even, if he were famous enough, in his lifetime—to drop the formal prefix to his name; and is not this familiarity a very high and very pleasant compliment? We who have been brought up on Tennyson, and who first knew and loved him much as we did Shakespeare, when we are speaking of the poet should we remember the Mr. or the Lord before his name, as if we were a society hostess sending him an invitation to dinner? Why, I believe that even the cultured beings who perform "Strafford" do not describe themselves as the Mr. Browning Society.

But I think it is on the invitation-to-dinner theory that Thackeray is "Mr.'d" still. The assumption is that the writer lives in London—during the season, at all events—and is in such excellent society that he may meet the celebrities of the day at any moment. Of course it would never do to address them except as any other ladies or gentlemen would be addressed; and Mr. Thackeray was so very much "in society" that even now, after a quarter of a century, the chance of meeting him seems hardly over. So the great man has his "Mr." still; and these, his admirers, plainly think that it is just what he would like!

As I have said, their ground is that he is "one of them"—a snob; and a snob of the same species as Congreve, who tried to sink the writer in the "gentleman." But, if Thackeray had been "only a gentleman," we should not need to speak of him at all—for, thank goodness, gentlemen are by no means rare in England. Was he more of a gentleman than Walter Savage Landor, who died much about the same time, and whom I don't think we should recognise at all as "Mr. Landor"?—or was he less of a genius than Carlyle, who died only the other day, and has passed into the untitled ranks of fame already?

And, surely, if it be polite to take off your hat to the shade of Thackeray, it must be very rude to pass with a familiar nod great men of letters yet living across the Channel—even though the sensible French take fame as the highest compliment. "Dumas Fils" is not the style by which the author of the "Demi-Monde" would be presented to one in a drawing-room; yet English writers give him brevet-rank with Shakespeare, though they would not dream of taking such a liberty with Mr. Thackeray. Logically, you know, they ought to talk of Monsieur Offenbach—or, to catch their style more exactly, Herr Offenbach: the composer was, demonstrably, French only "in spirit and in truth."

For it is this happy knack of being correct only in some tiny detail, of combining complete wrongness of the whole with the rightness of some very small part, which is the "special note" of the prig of to-day. If he has some smattering of Danish he will probably pronounce Copenhagen "Chippenhown"—as who should say that *Londres* was the capital of England!—and will combine with this inability to speak his native tongue an equal inability to get through a dozen sentences with a Dane. (An extraordinary example of this type of priggishness I met with a few years ago at Athens, where a couple of Oxford men, though prigs of the purest quality—as even Oxford men will sometimes be—were yet actually trying to speak modern Greek with our British school-pronunciation; and showed a proper contempt for the natives who failed to understand them!)

There is a certain simplicity about the French, which saves them from this kind of silliness; the *mauvaise honte*, the ill-bred self-consciousness, of which we have so much in England, is far more rare in France. There Thackeray is Thackeray, as Balzac is Balzac and Molière Molière; nor, when they have to speak of any living man whose title is still commonly given him, do they trouble to parade their knowledge of the exact forms of his native land, but, whether he be Mr. or Herr or Signor at home, translate him to the simple Monsieur, understood by all Frenchmen. So with the pronunciation: every name is spoken as if it were French—which is, at all events, a clear and convenient general rule. Thus M. Gladstone, M. Brigit, and *le grand Darrin* are names perfectly understood (as pronounced) in Paris; while our insular uncertainty, whether to parade our knowledge of foreign tongues, or to avoid "showing off," or to avoid exposing our ignorance, generally causes a muddle when foreign matters are spoken of, and often an avoidance of the subjects by plain folk.

Fifty years ago, accurate and accomplished scholars were not so pedantic. Edward Fitzgerald, for example, who died a little while ago—the translator of Omar Khayyam, the friend of Thackeray, Carlyle, and Tennyson—even in so common a word as "valet" spoke after the English fashion, pronouncing it *vallett*. But he had, indeed, the courage of an older day, for he would none of the modern "drama," though of the "drayma" he talked to you for hours.

E. R.



THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDING AND GROUNDS.

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Last of the Valois, and Accession of Henry of Navarre.* By Catherine, Lady Jackson. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—French history of the sixteenth century is the most deplorable portion of European political experiences; and this narrative, compiled by a lady whose use of not very recondite materials is as successful as the late Miss Pardoe's, relates even worse transactions than those of "The Court and Reign of Francis the First." The interval of time, from 1547 to 1559, filled by the reign of Henry II., who was accidentally killed at a tournament, sufficed to confirm in French affairs the most pernicious effects of that unprincipled profligacy which the example of Francis I. bequeathed to his successors. Moreover, the enormous public and private vices of the age, as exhibited in France, were stimulated there, more powerfully than in any other country, by foreign influences. These are notoriously personified in that Italian woman, Catherine, daughter of Lorenzino dei Medici, Duke of Urbino, whom Pope Leo X. gave to be the bride of Henry de Valois, afterwards King of France, and who lived seventy years to do evil, to perpetrate the most heinous crimes, and incessantly to conspire against the welfare of the State and of mankind. It was, however, after the death of her Royal husband, and during the successive reigns of her three sons, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., that the most infamous of Queen-Mothers exercised an authority which was the cause of irremediable mischief, not only to the Monarchy, but to the future progress of civil liberty and social improvement in the nation. This active period of the life of Catherine dei Medici is comprised in Lady Jackson's present work, and may prove an instructive, though a gloomy and even painful, subject of contemplation. Along with the continued intrigues of the wicked Florentine adventuress, and with her atrocious abuse of her maternal position at the Court of three feeble and miserable young Kings, several other historical personages, who were Frenchmen of high rank, must be allowed to have fully earned a share of immortal detestation. The leading members of the Guise family of Lorraine, the great Duke Francis, who began the Civil Wars between Catholics and Huguenots; the Cardinal of Lorraine, who was the author of merciless persecutions for religion; and Duke Henry, a wholesale murderer, a rebel and traitor of the foulest dye, figure largely in these pages, leaving them marked with stains of blood ineffaceable while there is any memory of past events. Compared with such colossal malefactors—it seems wonderful that they flourished scarcely three centuries ago—the criminal deeds of a Sylla or a Catiline, or of the direst enemies of humanity in ancient heathen nations, seem to us almost venial; but that aspect of Christendom which was represented by the Popes of the period, and by Satanic religionists who ruled like Philip II. of Spain and the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, covered a multitude of sins. Lady Jackson, or her publisher, has significantly ornamented the outside of these two volumes with a silver stamp of the triumphal medal, struck by order of Pope Gregory XIII. to celebrate the Massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris on Aug. 24, 1572, the original of which may be seen at the British Museum. That one act of unprovoked and treacherous slaughter, perpetrated with the grossest perfidy and with more than savage cruelty by a woman and her two sons, the King and the Duke of Anjou, and by Duke Henry of Guise and his uncles, far outweighs in guilt and horror, to the eternal shame of French Royalty, the greatest excesses of the Jacobin Revolution nearly a hundred years ago. The Huguenot or Protestant party, indeed, was not faultless; and its unpopularity in the capital, and in most cities of France, was aggravated by the rude violence of some of its followers, who, like those of John Knox in Scotland, disturbed the Catholic worship in churches, and made havoc of altar furniture. But it was no outbreak of popular resentment that caused either this Paris massacre of thousands of honourable gentlemen, or the long carnival of inhuman fury which raged for months, and was renewed at intervals, for many years, in different provinces of the kingdom. It was the State and Court policy from time to time, under the direction of Catherine and her Italian Ministers; or it was the policy of the Guise faction, whose example would probably have been imitated by their niece or cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, if she had obtained a secure throne in Britain. This consideration, especially, must have been always present to the minds of Protestant Englishmen under Queen Elizabeth, while "the last of the Valois" were reigning in France, and Philip of Spain was threatening to invade our shores. Some acquaintance with the internal politics of the neighbouring kingdom, with the motives of that sanguinary and ferocious conflict that devastated France during thirty-six unhappy years, and of the innumerable treasons, base plots, murders by the gibbet or the stake, savage assassinations, and secret poisonings, committed without scruple by Kings and Queens, by Princes and nobles of that country, is requisite to a just understanding of English policy. Lady Jackson's book, though not the product of original researches, and not pretending to judicial impartiality, may be read with profit. Its subject has the more interest this year, when we are to commemorate the anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, three hundred years ago, which event the Duke of Guise and Catherine dei Medici survived but a few months.

*Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life in the Northern Territory of South Australia.* By Mrs. Dominic D. Daly (Sampson Low and Co.).—The recent colonisation of that

tropical region of Northern Australia, formerly called Arnhem Land, which is situated to the west of the Gulf of Carpentaria, has not been so well described, in any book that we have seen, as it is in this useful and entertaining volume. It is furnished with a good map. The authoress, a lady brought up from her childhood in South Australia, went in 1870 with her parents and sister to the new settlement at Port Darwin, where her father was appointed to be Government Resident. It was in 1867 that the great exploring feat of Mr. John McDouall Stuart, crossing the entire breadth of Australia from south to north, led the way to that new field of colonial enterprise within thirteen degrees of the Equator. That expedition having set forth from Adelaide, and the geographical position of Arnhem Land being within the same degrees of longitude as the provincial boundaries of South Australia, though on the opposite side of the vast island-continent, facing the Malay archipelago, the circumstances gave rise to a singular political arrangement. The Government of South Australia, by Royal warrant, undertook the administration of the Northern Territory, at a distance of nearly 1900 miles from its capital, with an intervening space utterly vacant of population, and then scarcely deemed fit even for pastoral occupation, as it could be traversed only by the most adventurous parties, equipped at great cost, with extreme risk and difficulty. Colonial history affords no more remarkable example of bold and successful efforts, public and private, than those of the South Australian community in making good their promise to establish the works and ways of British civilisation on that remote shore in Equatorial latitudes. This enterprise was hardly appreciated by general opinion until, in 1872, it was followed by the laying of the overland telegraph from Port Darwin to Adelaide, in connection with the submarine lines of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company from Singapore to Batavia and to Banjoewangie, beyond Timor, in the Arafura Sea, by which all our Australasian colonies soon obtained telegraphic communication with Europe. The great commercial, political, and social importance of that event, as well as the natural resources of the Northern Territory of Australia, in this part certainly, with its prospects of future prosperity, renders Mrs. Daly's account of it highly interesting. Her volume consists of two different portions; the first being a lively and amusing personal narrative of her own experiences, and those of her family and companions, as early settlers at Port Darwin from 1870 till she left it in 1873; the second part containing a variety of authentic information, diligently compiled from authentic reports, concerning the later history and present condition of the Northern Territory. Readers who do not care—as too many in England, unfortunately, do not care—for sound and exact knowledge respecting our inestimable Colonial Empire, may confine their attention, if they please, to about two hundred pages of very agreeable writing, in which this clever and spirited lady tells her tale of "pioneering life." After living some time with her father and mother at Port Darwin, "roughing it" a good deal more than other colonial women have been obliged to do in "the bush," and sharing in all the hard work of a scrambling household, she married a nephew of Sir Dominic Daly, late Governor of South Australia, and entered, with her husband, on a second brief residence in the same district, with a view to gold-mining operations. The gold-bearing quartz reefs are nearly 150 miles inland from Port Darwin, and she does not seem to have personally visited them, but she knew everything that was going on; and we feel much confidence in her accuracy and judgment. There can be no doubt of the abundance of rich metallic ores in the Northern Territory, notwithstanding the disappointment of hundreds of early diggers who tried merely the alluvial deposits; but it is requisite, there as in other countries, to mine the solid rock by the aid of costly machinery, and the means of carriage were then deficient. With cartage rising from £20 to £80 or £100 the ton, wages of labour at £5 a week besides rations, and the price of a ton of flour at £20, the expenses of gold-mining were prohibitory; nor could sufficient labourers be got, on any terms, without fetching some Chinese coolies, to which there was violent opposition. The capabilities of the territory for the cultivation of all kinds of tropical produce, and for pasturing cattle and breeding horses, which should find a good market in India, appear quite equal to those of Northern Queensland. Experiments in sugar-planting failed only from the unwise selection of improper soil, while there are extensive tracts of alluvial soil on the banks of large rivers, very suitable for that purpose. Compared with most other parts of Australia, this region is admirably well watered; the Victoria river, to the west, and the Roper, issuing in the Limmen Bight of the Gulf of Carpentaria, are navigable and accessible from the sea; and the inland country has good natural grass, with much fertile land for agricultural industry. We fully believe in the resources of Northern Australia, and have reason to think its climate as healthy as that of any tropical region can be for European settlers; the severe outbreak of fever at Port Darwin, upon one occasion, was due to local and accidental causes. With its magnificent harbour, the rising town only wants a railway to the interior for the development of an increasing traffic, which is destined to embrace the Eastern Archipelago, the ports of India and China, and to open a new era of Australian commerce. But Mrs. Daly's excellent book, apart from these utilitarian interests, may be commended for the charm of its delightful anecdotes, told in a cheerful,

frank, unaffected manner, of the voyages and journeys, the domestic labours, trials, shifts, and contrivances, of Anglo-Australian ladies and gentlemen, with their children, including her own "Baby," in a situation far removed from the Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, or Brisbane comforts of civilisation. The formidable native savages of that coast, and the rough diggers—often drunken, coarse, and wild, but good-hearted, kind, and true to each other—figure largely in the varied scenes of her story; and various perils both on land and sea, to her friends if not to herself, are related without exaggeration in a style engaging by its simplicity, while some of the incidents are tragical or pathetic, indeed very touching, for comrades tried by hardships feel their separation by death.

*Correspondence of Henry Taylor.* Edited by Edward Dowden (Longmans).—The merits of the late Sir Henry Taylor as a serious dramatic poet, a thoughtful essayist, and, during nearly half a century, a diligent public servant at the Colonial Office, have long been appreciated; while his social position brought many persons of high ability and wide experience within the circle of his personal acquaintance. Professor Dowden, at the request of Lady Taylor, has arranged for publication about two hundred private letters, mostly written by her husband, but in some cases those which he received from his friends, amongst whom were the late Sir James Stephen, Southey, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Tennyson, Aubrey De Vere, Mr. James Spedding, Mrs. Austin, Earl Grey, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Algernon Swinburne. The volume is of a similar character, in the bulk of its contents, to that of the letters of Southey, but Sir Henry Taylor's correspondence is of fresher interest, and expresses the views and sentiments of persons who are of greater importance at the present time. Himself rather of a sceptical temperament, averse to gushes of sentiment, fabricating his literary productions in a spirit of conscious self-criticism, though he deemed himself capable of writing better plays than any since those of Shakespeare, he lacked the fire of sympathetic passion that is indispensable to poetic genius of the highest order. "Philip Van Artevelde," begun in 1827, published in 1834, is a studied portraiture of a great character; and the author, who knew more intimately than most other poets have known the mental habits of statesmen, was especially qualified to depict the attitude of leading personages at critical periods of history. He was advised by Macaulay to take Schiller's "Wallenstein" for a model, and to compose a tragedy on the subject of Mary Stuart; but he was at that time more inclined to choose Thomas à Becket for his next dramatic theme. "Edwin the Fair" was a subject less adapted to his peculiar turn of thought, and none of his after works equalled in power that which presents to view the high-minded popular dictator of Ghent. Sir Henry Taylor wrote too slowly and deliberately for poetry, spending four or five years over each of his important plays; he lacked the fury of imaginative inspiration. His comments, and those of his correspondents, more particularly of Southey, of Sir James Stephen, Mr. Spedding, the learned and acute editor of Bacon, and Miss Fenwick, an affectionate friend of Wordsworth, on a variety of passing incidents, as well as on public questions of the day, are more valuable than the account of his own plans and methods of authorship. There are anecdotes of Wordsworth, and the rather captious letter in which he accused Byron of stealing from him the best passages in "Childe Harold." So lately as 1884, Sir Henry had to reply to a mistaken observation by Mr. Swinburne that he had been one who sought unduly to exalt Wordsworth by depreciating Shelley; but it is quite time, now, to let all those favourite poets of sixty years ago rest in peaceful recognition of their different types of genius. Books and men, and political or social affairs, of more recent date are freely discussed in many letters belonging to the last twenty years of Sir Henry's life. His own judgments were usually sound and good. A Liberal of the old Whig school, with no great faith in democratic impulses, a believer in political economy, and practically conversant with administrative difficulties, he remained far from being a Gladstonian, though he personally respected that statesman; and it is curious that in February, 1874, he hailed Mr. Gladstone's intended retirement with an ode expressing the highest admiration. A brief letter acknowledging this tribute of lyrical applause, and a friendly note from Mr. Gladstone, in 1883, about a copy of Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography, will be noticed with interest for the sake of their eminent writer, to whom Sir Henry then wished "nothing better than peace and repose."

The steam-whaler Earl of Mar and Kellie, Captain Walker, arrived at Lerwick on May 3, from Greenland sea-fishing, with seventeen tons of oil. Captain Walker reports the season to have been very boisterous, and the seal-fishing, over all, has been very unsuccessful. There were about twenty-two Norwegian and about the same number of Dutch vessels engaged, besides several Scotch vessels; and the average catch will not exceed fifteen tons of oil.

The invitation of the Lord Mayor to the Burgomasters of the Belgian cities and towns to be his guests in London for some days, from Sunday, May 13, has been accepted by a large number of Burgomasters. On Monday, May 14, the Lady Mayoress will give a ball in their honour; on Tuesday they will visit Guildhall; and on Wednesday the Lord Mayor will entertain a distinguished company at the Mansion House to meet them.

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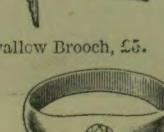
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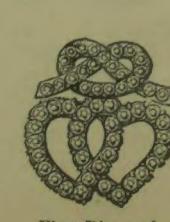
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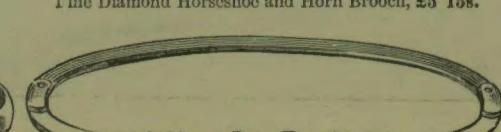
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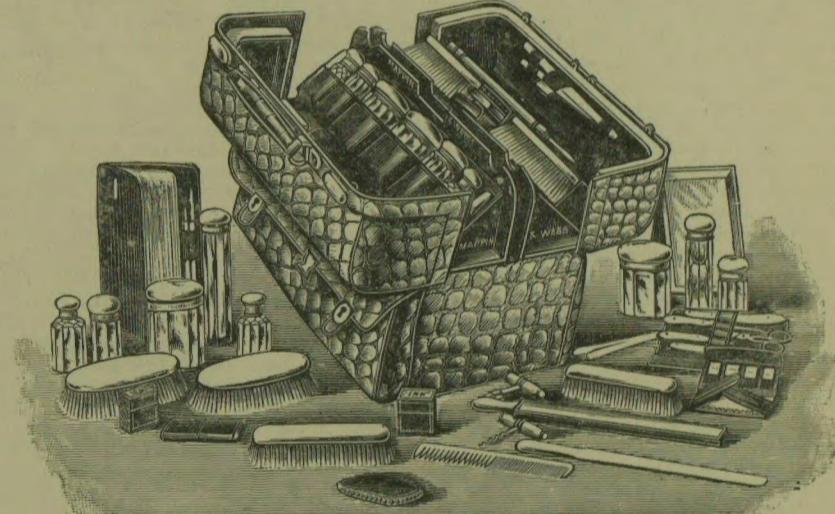
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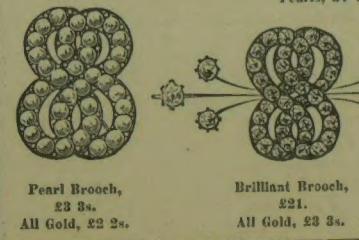
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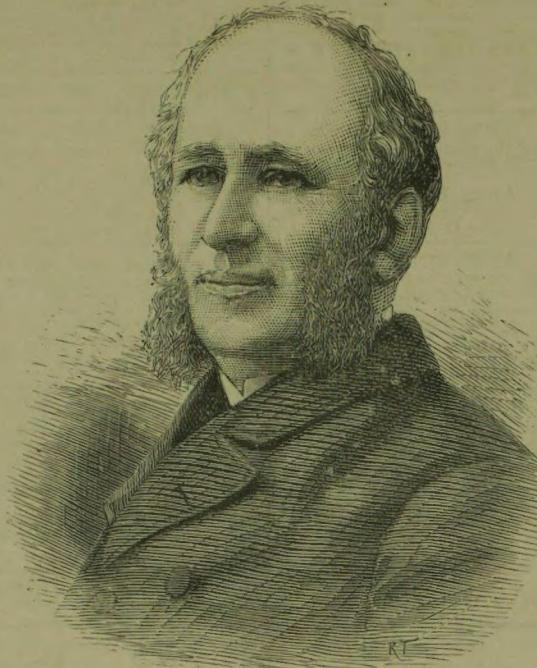
## THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Everything comes to the man who waits. In time there arrives a realisation even of the poet's dreams. Unfortunately, however, the *genus irritabile* is impatient by nature, and the author of "The Arabian Nights" probably derives little satisfaction from the fact that magic palaces, more gorgeous than his own Oriental vision ever painted, rise in reality at a word in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Aladdin of old rubbed his lamp or his ring when he wished to be furnished with palace and pleasure by his slaves of the air. Equally potent at the present day, a magnate but tickles a piece of bank paper with the point of a goose quill, and forthwith, the white Genius of the Kettle rushes to do his bidding, and in a trice, amid unearthly snortings of fire and water, an Alhambra rises, glittering with colour and glass, and stored with treasures such as no Eastern despot ever dreamed of.

If Ossian's dark-eyed Carul could sail from his hill-side home down the Kelvin again to-day, surely he would be amazed. On one high bank he would behold the steep roofs and spires of a Gothic college; on the other, the terraced mansions of St. Mungo's merchant princes, and, rising on the haugh below, the burnished domes and cupolas and minarets of a gorgeous Moorish palace. The Venetian gondolas he would find afloat on his native stream might not, indeed, seem very different from the boats he left long ago in the river silt, and the songs of the gondoliers perhaps might seem an echo of his own bards' strains; but as he beheld launches ploughing the water without oars or sails, and as he saw acres of glass roofs flashing defiance at the sun, he would assure himself that a race of magicians had possessed the land. And good old Bishop Turnbull, if he were to revisit the college he founded 438 years ago, would be mightily surprised to find, instead of the collection of crow-stepped gables and heavy-browed doorways in a narrow street which he left, a rich and stately pile fretting the sky with turret and pinnacle on a heaven-kissing hill, while below, most fatal of all possible attractions to student life, an Arabian palace of pleasure and art, under the name of industry, spread its temptations to the eye. All he would actually see of his ancient "studium" would be the college gate-house, rescued from the ruins of the older building, and erected as a memorial at the foot of University-avenue. But he might be startled to find a facsimile of his own old palace lending itself as an attraction to the display. By moonlight, on the college terrace, one can imagine the ghosts of former students coming back to marvel at the scene. Grim George Buchanan, the historian, might be stalking there, looking down with disfavour on the frivolity of modern days. Smollett, the future novelist, might be meditating a satire on these frivolities, and, at the same time, envying the unregenerate "medicals" of present times their opportunities of mischief in the electric-lit promenades below. Adam Smith, his "Wealth of Nations" still unwritten, might be weighing the economical advantage likely to accrue to the nation from the Exhibition. And Campbell, the budding poet, would to a certainty be inspired on the spot with the opening verses of some high-sounding ode to Industry.

Out of the far East-End might come other ghostly visitors to look at the world's show. Might not crowds of the old weavers come to look sadly at the fine-spun fabrics of silk and lawn woven by skill beyond their own? Would not the bakers of bygone days marvel to see rough grain in a few minutes pass through the forms of flour and dough and biscuit to the mouth of the looker-on? What would the ancient "hammer-men" say—men of the anvil and bellows—could they gaze at the rhythmic play, the regular heave and roll of the huge machinery in motion? And the other members of the old "Trades House" could not but wonder at the strides which the manufacturers of their native town have taken since their day. Of famous visitors to the town, too, in bygone times a few might reappear. Close by the Exhibition lies the site of the flour-mills granted by the Regent Murray in 1568 to the bakers of Glasgow for provisioning his troops previous to the battle of Langside, though the Regent would scarcely recognise the spot now. And from the dilapidated Saracen's Head, still standing in Gallowgate, where he put up on his journey to the Hebrides, Dr. Samuel Johnson might come, to behold in the beggarly Scotland he was never tired of depreciating a palace filled with resources of science and luxury such as even his own Prince Rasselas never dreamed of in his Happy Valley. And few of those in the crowds who thronged to cheer the Prince on the Exhibition's opening day would remember anything of another Royal entry into Glasgow—that of the last hope of the Stuart Kings, a hundred and thirty years ago. A very different aspect the city wore on Dec. 25, 1745, when it received Prince Charles Edward, an unwelcome guest, no friend to the douce men of trade, and already a waning star. When he left his lodging at the foot of Glassford-street, on Jan. 3, and marched eastward on his way to Falkirk and Culloden, he carried with him £10,000 of the honest burghers' money; the remembrance of which may lend greater interest in the eyes of these burghers' descendants to the relics of the Prince which have been brought together to-day.

For the city of Saint Mungo has played some part in history, though her citizens may not set much store by the fact. More do they glory in the sight of the great ocean fleets coming up to their wharves laden with the wealth of East and



SIR JAMES KING, LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.

West. And little do they care for the smoke-cloud that overhangs their roofs while they know that their furnace blasts are forging the navies, the iron walls, of half the world. Sheltered within her college walls from his rivals, the instrument-makers of Glasgow, James Watt, like the magicians of the "Arabian Nights," evoked from his kettle the white genius Steam. Since then, Electricity, another of the Titan brood, has been born upon earth. Like too many of the Arab genii, these unholy powers have made slaves of their discoverers. What was the lady kept in the glass box of the water-monster, compared to the thousands of factory-girls toiling for life in the service of the giant Steam? And Sinbad never sweated under the tyranny of his Old Man of the Sea as do the unnumbered colliers labouring in the darkness of their subterranean prisons to furnish food for the world's new master. Further, too, even than the present life reaches the power of this modern Titan: the minds themselves of men are being bent by his demands. For the apprentice who spends his life in turning the tap of a steam-hammer must be a different creature from the brawny-armed Vulcan or Tubal of old who had to contrive as well as to fashion the handiwork on his anvil.

Little, however, of all this is apparent in the Alhambra by Kelvinside. There the genii are seen docilely at work—the servants, not the tyrants of man; while on every hand, heaped beyond the dreams of mediaeval avarice, rise the glittering splendours of a world's bazaar.

G. E.T.

Our View of the grounds of the Glasgow International Exhibition, looking north, is taken from near the main entrance. There is a permanent bridge here across the Kelvin; but, to accommodate the traffic, a temporary bridge of wood has been constructed. This View shows some of the kiosks, with the Bishop's Palace, and the University, standing on the top of Gilmour Hill; the slopes of that eminence, forming part of the beautiful grounds of the Exhibition, give it a peculiar advantage over most others which have been held.

"Old London," at South Kensington, has led to a new feature in such exhibitions: Liverpool, Edinburgh, Manchester, and Newcastle took a hint from it, and Glasgow has followed. The Bishop's Palace represents a bit of Old Glasgow, when there were Bishops and Archbishops belonging to the old Cathedral. The Bishop's Palace stood in former times on the high ground close to the west door of the Cathedral, and the Royal Infirmary now stands on its site; not a fragment of it now remains, but about the beginning of this century there were some remains of it still standing, and drawings of it at a still earlier date have been preserved. The palace has been restored from these authorities. It is in the old castellated style of architecture common in Scotland, the details of which are well understood. The present erection has all the appearance of being built in sandstone, the "old red" of Hugh Miller's studies being prominent; it is only when one comes almost close to the walls that it becomes certain that it is only an imitation; this will show how very perfectly the appearance has been realised. There is an Archaeological Museum belonging to Glasgow, situated in the West-End Park, which will form part of the Great International Exhibition; but the Bishop's Palace will also contain relics of the past.

Numerous contributions of an interesting nature have been received at the Kelvin Grove Museum for the archaeological collection exhibited in the Bishop's Palace. Mr. Matthew Brownlie, of Strathaven, sends a flag which was carried by the Covenanters at Drumclog. The Duke of Montrose lends two portraits of his ancestor, "the Great Marquis"; also a portrait of Viscount Dundee, otherwise Graham of Claverhouse. Many will gaze with interest upon the sword which he wielded at the battle of Killiecrankie, where he met his death. Mrs. Erskine, of Deanwood, Newbury, sends miniatures in Limoges enamel of Queen Mary and her first husband, King Francis II. of France. Further, two rat-tail table-spoons, dated 1686, which belonged to the Earl of Mar, who raised the Jacobite "standard on the Braes o' Mar" in 1715. The Earl of Mar and Kellie has lent the cradle of King James VI., a substantial article of carved oak with inlaid panels. The high chair in which the King sat when a child is a solid piece of oak furniture. The Earl also sends a fine miniature of Mary, Queen of Scots. The trustees of the Kirkcudbright Museum have lent the famous punchbowl; a "siller gun," dated 1587; a reliquary of the '45 period, in an enamelled tartan case; a silver arrow "given to the trades lads of Kirkcudbright by William Johnston, June 28, 1838;" a leaden badge of a King's bedesman, dated 1725; the lock and key of Kirkcudbright Tolbooth, and a snuff-box of Adam Smith,

the author of "The Wealth of Nations." Mr. J. B. Greenshields, of Kerse, Lesmahagow, sends a collection of weapons which belonged to Covenanters. From the Society of Archers, Kilwinning, have been received a silver bowl with silver arrows, and 117 silver medals bearing names from 1697 down to the present time.

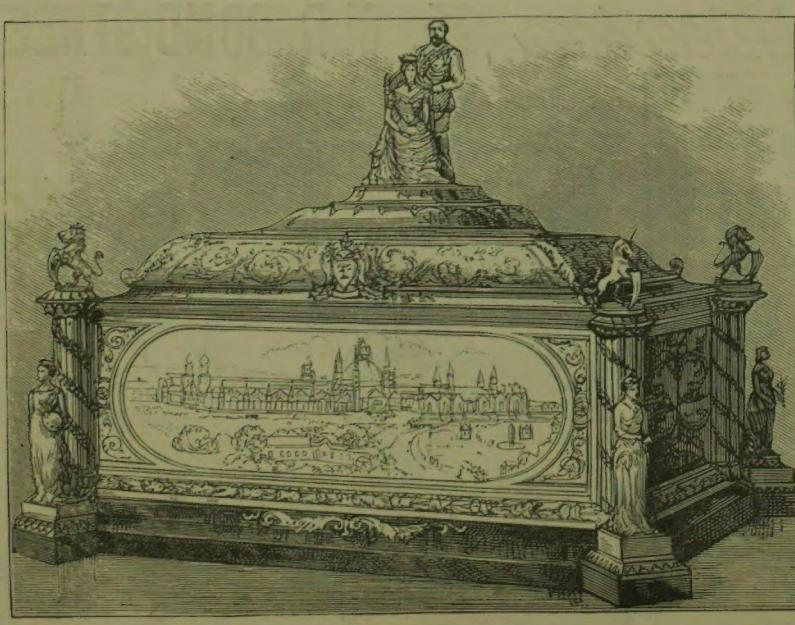
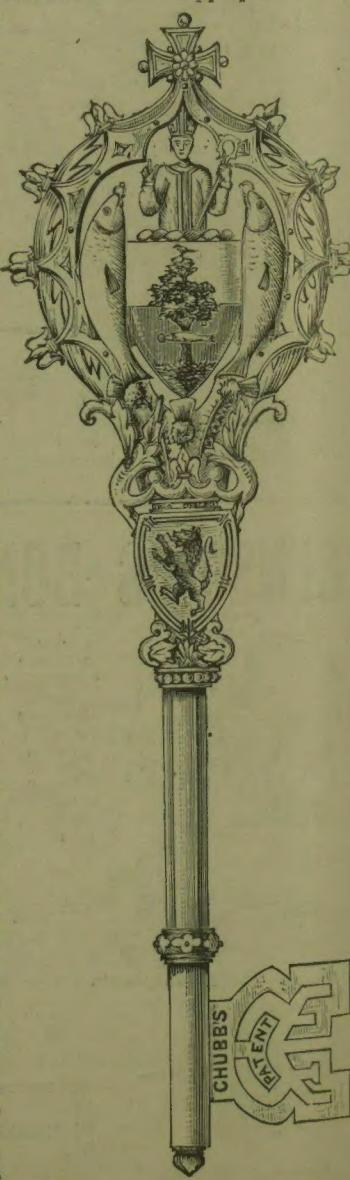
The contents of the Exhibition are classified as follows:— Class I. Agriculture, horticulture, and arboriculture. II. Mining and metallurgy, minerals, quarrying, and fuel. III. Civil engineering, construction, and architecture, sanitary appliances, aeronautics. IV. Naval architecture and engineering. V., VI., IX., X., XI. Machinery, heating and lighting apparatus, working dairy. VII. Road carriages, bicycles and tricycles, ambulance. XII. Chemistry apparatus and processes, applied chemistry and physics, philosophical instruments and apparatus. XIII. Food, including drinks. XIV. Textile fabrics, leather, india-rubber, gutta-percha clothing. XV. Paper, printing, bookbinding, and stationery. XVI. Furniture and decoration, fancy goods. XVII. Pottery and glass. XVIII. Jewellery, clocks, watches, and other timekeepers. XIX. Fisheries. XX. Education and apparatus for physical training. XXI. Music and musical instruments. The Foreign Section, occupying Courts 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, and a place in the main avenue for Italian sculpture and statuary, comprises articles of various kinds from Paris, Lyons, Vienna, Bohemia, Bremen, Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, Cologne, Milan, Florence, Turin, Amsterdam, Denmark, Norway, Russia, Turkey, New York, Chicago, the West Indies, and Australia. The Artisan Section, in Court 19, consists mainly of models and specimens of work by individual working-men in Glasgow and the neighbouring towns. Courts 15, 16, and 17 are allotted to the Women's Arts and Industries of the United Kingdom. The Dominion of Canada occupies Court 36; India fills Courts 32, 33, and 34; Ceylon has Court 37. The Grand Hall is decorated with a collection of national flags. The Queen's Jubilee presents, numbering 799 articles, are exhibited in the Kelvin Grove Museum.

One very interesting section of the Exhibition is that of specimens of women's arts and industries. The ladies by whom the arrangement was superintended must be congratulated on one of the most successful collections of the kind ever seen. The Countess of Rosebery, with the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry and Lady Kensington, took charge of England and Wales; Lady Campbell of Blythwood, Lady King, and Lady Thompson were responsible for Scotland; the Duchess of Abercorn represented Ireland. The Empress of Germany exhibits a cushion and table-cover; and at her request the Duchess of Albany has forwarded for exhibition in this section a water-colour drawing done by the Empress as a present to her brother, the late Duke of Albany. Princess Christian sends a chair in burnt leather and embroidery.

The police sports will be held in the Exhibition grounds on June 23. They will be open to the police in Great Britain and Ireland, with some to include the Army, Navy, and Volunteers. The list will be made as attractive as possible, so as to induce a large entry for all the classes. The sports will be under the management of Mr. William McIntosh, Chief Constable's Office, who has had charge of them since they were instituted eight years ago.

The address presented by the Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their visit to the city to open the International Exhibition, was inclosed in a silver-gilt casket, oblong in form, the design of which is shown in our Illustration. Surmounting the lid is a statuette of their Royal Highnesses in silverwork. On the front panel is a view of the International Exhibition; and on the back panel a reproduction of Frith's picture of the marriage of the Prince and Princess. The end panels contain representations of the Glasgow Cathedral and the University, the new Municipal Buildings, and the Glasgow Bridge. At the corners are Corinthian columns surmounted by the lion and unicorn, the supporters of the Royal Arms, while at the base are symbolical representations of Science, Art, and Industry. The Prince of Wales' feathers and the Glasgow arms are included in the ornamentation. Altogether, the design is eminently handsome and appropriate. The casket was manufactured by Messrs. George Edward and Sons, of No. 1, Poultry, and of Glasgow.

The golden key presented to the Prince of Wales at the opening of the Glasgow International Exhibition was made by Messrs. Chubb to open their patent locks on the doors. The ornamental design was specially devised by Mr. John C. Chubb. The wards in the lower part of the key are so arranged as to form the letters "G. E." The stem is a Gothic arrangement of four clustered columns; above which, on a shield, is the Scottish Lion, and on the reverse the arms of the Prince of Wales in enamel; from this springs a thistle bloom, while the two large leaves of the national plant rise up, and form the bow of the key; an inner border is formed by tracery work, with fleurs-de-lys finials at intervals, rising in the centre to the Maltese cross at the top. The bow of the key bears the crest of St. Mungo and the arms and fish supporters of the city of Glasgow in full heraldic colours. The reverse has a facsimile of the badge of the Exhibition, showing an emblematic figure of Glasgow, and an inscription recording the presentation of the key to the Prince of Wales. It is inclosed in a handsome velvet case with gold monogram.

CASKET PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES  
BY THE GLASGOW CORPORATION.GLASGOW EXHIBITION: GOLD KEY  
PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.